

BAY AREA REPORTER

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Jane Murphy Dropped from Police Commission

Eight-year veteran and friend of the Gay community, Jane McKaskle Murphy was not re-appointed to the city's Police Commission this week.

Murphy had indicated she was not interested in serving another four years, but had hoped for another year to finish work on some of her pet projects. She was disappointed in the Mayor's decision to let her go.

Jane Murphy, a lifelong

liberal, was the first woman ever put on the Police Commission — which had long served as little more than a rubber stamp to SFPD wishes and doings. She was a Moscone appointee.

Before the Police Commission, Murphy served briefly (3½



Jane McKaskle Murphy doesn't like the way she was terminated from the Police Commission. (Photo: Rink)

NGRA Takes Immigration Case to Top Court

by Paul Lorch

A Gay immigration case has finally reached the Supreme Court.

On Tuesday, January 25, National Gay Rights Advocates' attorneys Leonard Graff and Don Knutson delivered a petition to the US Supreme Court in Washington, DC. The petition (for a writ of *certiorari*) requests that the top court review the judgment and opinion of the US Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit on September 28, 1983.

The case in question is one between New Orleans resident John Longstaff (a British alien seeking citizenship) and the Immigration and Naturalization Service who has said he is to be deported.

Longstaff entered this country on November 14, 1965; he was admitted with a valid immigrant visa as a permanent resident. He was asked no questions about his sexual orientation.

A medical examination conducted by the Public Health Service at the time of his entry did not result in the issuance of a medical certificate of noneligibility. And the courts have all agreed that for 18 years "he has led a constructive life." Longstaff, 43, is the owner of two beauty/clothing shops in New Orleans.

On October 13, 1977, Longstaff filed a petition to become a citizen of the US. While admitting to INS that he had engaged in homosexual acts prior to his 1965 entry, his naturalization examiner recommended his citizenship be approved.

However, the District Court denied naturalization to Longstaff on the grounds that he had failed to meet his burden of establishing good moral character. Longstaff appealed and lost. A rehearing was asked for, and the court replied that Longstaff

could produce additional evidence of good moral character.

Longstaff was again interrogated by the INS. The examiner concluded that Longstaff had met the burden of proving good moral character. Nevertheless, the examiner recommended denial of citizenship because the man had admitted homosexual acts before his arrival in the US. This, said the examiner, constituted "unlawful entry."

The courts subsequently af-
(Continued on page 4)



NGRA's Don Knutson and legal director Leonard Graff take a moment's smile after sending off their petition to the US Supreme Court on Gays and the INS. (Photo: Rink)

KS Takes Paul Dague

Former OC Director Loses Two-Year Battle

by Paul Lorch

Dr. Paul Dague, who put up a determined — albeit at times unorthodox — battle against Kaposi's sarcoma, died Friday, January 20. The disease was diagnosed in the 46-year-old psychologist in June 1982. For nineteen months the former director of Operation Concern battled the skin cancer that reportedly covered his face and head. His search for a cure took him to Mexico in 1983, and he had just returned from the Philippines, where he had sought help in non-Western medical treatment.

Dague was well-known in the San Francisco Gay community; he served as the executive director of Operation Concern from 1978 through 1980, OC, now over a decade old, was one of the first organized Gay community service organizations. From its

origin OC's mental health services to Gay men and Lesbians were supported by donations. Circus-Circus used to be its annual and major fundraiser. Today, located on upper Market Street, it is supported by city
(Continued on page 10)

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\$10,000 Raised for Gay PAC

Exposed Gay Congressman Draws Crowd

by George Mendenhall

"How does one have a press conference to announce what is fundamentally irrelevant?" This question from Rep. Gerry Studds (D-MA) received near-unanimous applause this week when the only pushed-out-of-the-closet member of the House of Representatives addressed a local crowd of Gay activists and city officials. It was not too clear why they were cheering, as many in the crowd consider being very public about their homosexuality to be an important statement.

Some Gay people had mixed emotions about the Studds affair when it made the headlines last year. While many were delighted that there was now a Gay congressman, others thought the Gay community should not identify with someone who "likes boys." There is also talk the congressman was only out of the closet because he got caught. However, the sizable attendance at the fundraiser indicates that there is considerable support for Studds from a cross-section of local Lesbian and Gay leaders.

Studds was very closeted last summer when a congressional investigating committee revealed that he had experienced a sexual relationship (ten years previously) with a 17-year-old House page. Both Studds and the page then announced that the affair was strictly consensual and enjoyable — with no negative consequences. The liaison was even legal. Although the media began referring to the page as a "boy," he was an adult in the capital, where consenting sex between those over 16 is legal.

COMING OUT - FAST

The local Studds fundraiser netted over \$10,000 for the national Human Rights Campaign

Fund. It was organized by Police Department attorney Lawrence Wilson. The curious crowd had come to hear Studds talk about his sudden coming out across the country on the front page of every daily newspaper. Revealing considerable charm and wit, the representative received numerous ovations. The reception fee was \$25 and the audience appeared pleased. Some of the more affluent later joined Studds for dinner — at \$250 each.

Studds observed that most Gay people who come out do so after a long, slow process of evaluation and "excruciating pain," whereas he experienced his coming out on national television. He told the SF activists that, although he recognizes how vitally important it is that people come out, he personally had felt self-pity and feared being discovered. He did not know any Gay people until he was 36.

Earlier, HRCF board member Jerry Berg had reminded the crowd that Studds did not choose to hide or deny the accusations but chose to go on the floor of the House on July 14 and come out as a Gay person to his colleagues — definitely a First for Congress. Studds told the SF crowd he then "went

around with a silly grin on my face," pleased that he was now "out" even though his future as a politician was now in doubt.

Studds said he then returned to Massachusetts with doubts about how his lifelong friends and supporters would react. He was already a Democrat in a conservative area; now he was also Gay.

Staffers who work under Studds began debating whether he should walk in a religious procession at New Bedford, knowing that national TV would cover the event. The representative was surprised to receive a telephone call from the director of the event urging him to walk. The procession began, with Studds walking. He was amazed at what happened. Over 10,000 people lined the streets and cheered him at every turn of the four-mile march. He even encountered a group of teenagers drinking beer and feared how they would respond, but they gave him an ovation. Later he was cheered by a crowd of local citizens who came to hear him speak in an auditorium at Martha's Vineyard. Straight conservatives were welcoming an upfront homosexual.

The message, Studds pleaded, is that too often Gay people



Massachusetts Congressman Gerry Studds (l.) at Gay PAC event with Vic Basile (r.), new head of the Human Rights Campaign Fund. (Photo: Rink)

stereotype straight people. He said that, as the headlines began about his being Gay, he received thousands of letters of support — many from straight people.

THE LIGHTER SIDE

Complimenting San Francisco's Gay community, Studds joked about the relaxed ambience: "There is insufficient suffering here. How do you build character?" He added, "San Francisco teaches us all that when we respect ourselves, we

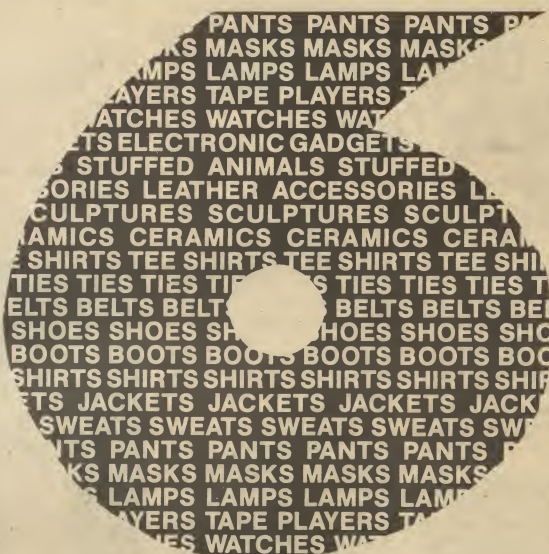
receive respect from others. You in San Francisco elicit that respect."

Alluding to his being the only upfront Gay congressman, Studds said that, while he was currently the only member of the Congressional Gay Caucus, "it is the caucus with the largest potential for growth." Turning to this reporter, he smiled and demanded, "Don't put that down!"

Studds was so closeted before

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Milkers Hype Image

Britt Blasts Molinari Over Rent Vote

by Bruce Pettit

The Harvey Milk Lesbian & Gay Democratic Club, in electing its officers for 1984 Tuesday night, repeatedly reminded itself that its role is to not shrink from momentarily unpopular stands as it continues to move the city's and the nation's Gay communities in progressive directions.

Carole Migden, elected without opposition to a second term as president, remarked: "We are so committed, we sometimes find ourselves alone. . . I sometimes feel lonely in the political world." She said the club is sometimes regarded as "naïve" and that, though she has occasionally disagreed, "I have always tried to represent its views." (The club's membership insisted on endorsing the recall effort on Mayor Feinstein last year, despite the officers' recommendation to proceed cautiously.)

Ron Huberman, re-elected vice president for political affairs, vowed that endeavors will continue "to infiltrate all offices in San Francisco that affect our lives."

Supervisor Harry Britt, former Milk president, anticipated the club will be in the forefront of "showing the world the Gay community as it really is" with the coming of the Democratic National Convention. He said Mayor Feinstein had recently accused him of being divisive. "We (Gay people) have to raise the kinds of issues people find divisive."

Both Migden and Britt invoked the memory of the club namesake. Migden regretted that only long-time members personally knew the martyred supervisor. "Fewer and fewer people are infused with his spirit."

Britt, however, rejoiced in the burgeoning political movement that appears to be coming to-

gether on rent control. The bringing together of so many of the city's diverse elements, said he, "is a very Harvey-Milk thing to do."

And Britt, kicking off his campaign for re-election with the people who have given him his political base, claimed his support bloc is expanding now to include conservatives: Filipinos, Koreans, small business people, and neighborhoods that want to protect small constituencies. He noted that his political opponents in the city, trying to unseat him as a supervisor by devices like a smaller Board, are beginning to despair.

BRITT BLASTS MOLINARI

Britt gave a post-veto analysis of what was at least a 7-3 Board triumph for controls on vacant rental apartments. Some points:

- Supervisor John Molinari "made a stupid political judgment" in opposing vacancy controls. In early December, Britt said Molinari was an ally for vacancy control, helping to devise strategy on how Britt would get Supervisor Willie Kennedy's support and Molinari would get the mayor's. Britt said he had to reveal the "truth" about Molinari because it was different from what Molinari had told a Republican Gay club. (Milk members had hissed at the mention of Molinari's name. Britt directed them to stop, saying that Molinari is still to be credited for past "good things" for Gay people.)
- Tenants won a small victory, small landlords took a big loss, and big landlords a major victory with the lowering of annual rent increases to 4% and the veto of vacancy control. Small landlords were worried about their modest profits with 4%, but big landlords were worried about huge losses with vacancy control. "Clint Reilly sold out the small landlords," Britt said of the political consultant retained by the Coalition for Better Housing.
- "Willie Kennedy came of age in this fight," Britt said real estate interests threatened that supervisor with defeat through a reduced Board size and a cut-off of campaign funds, but she was offended by the pressure tactics. Second only to his own campaign, said Britt, "I will work hard to re-elect Willie Kennedy." (Kennedy in 1982 after a Feinstein veto retreated from Britt's "domestic partners" ordinance, claiming Black church-goers would not understand.)

STICKING WITH CRANSTON

Certain that U.S. Senator Alan Cranston has the best position on Gay rights of any candidate seeking the Democratic presidential nomination, Milk officers urged members to remain true to their endorsement of last year. Observers nationally expect Cranston to drop out after the first rounds of primaries, but Migden said, "If we can keep him afloat, so to speak, we can help him carry the city of San Francisco."



Supervisor Harry Britt blasts colleague John Molinari over the latter's "no" vote on rent control. One half of Britt's legislation was vetoed by the mayor, and once again he couldn't muster the votes to override her decision. (Photo: Rink)

Huberman noted that California's delegate-selection process is a "winner take all" by congressional district. "If Cranston wins in San Francisco, all of his delegates go to the convention." That, said Huberman, is a reason to stay solid and try to slate delegates in the March 11 caucuses.

Nancy Pelosi, chair of the city's Host Committee for the convention, told the club there could be as many as 15,000 media people covering the event and reporting it to 500 million people. Pelosi urged club members to apply for the 10,000 convention volunteer slots. Among other things, there will be 57 hospitality parties throughout San Francisco — one for each state and territory — to be covered. "We've got to cover them all," Migden quipped.

Marc Virga, who coordinated Milk's AIDS activities last year, said the convention affords an opportunity to "establish the

Gay community as a larger force in the broader society."

Migden, in the January club newsletter *GayVote*, insisted that Milk continues to be No. 1: "the most articulate and influential force of progressive politics in San Francisco." She analyzed that club positions have consistently been the dominant electoral force in Gay precincts.

Tuesday night she and treasurer Frank Eppich proudly announced that Milk had raised \$45,823 and spent \$43,761 in 1983. "We spent it well," Migden said. "It is not our business to become wealthy, but to raise money and channel it back to building a better life."

Mark Cloutier, membership chair, said the latest roster was 525 members paid. It was 198 a year ago.

In the only contested office, David Mathieson was elected internal affairs vice president over Marc Virga, 69 to 31 votes.



Nancy Pelosi, major Democratic figure addressed Milkers at this week's meeting. (Photo: Rink)

NGRA Takes Immigration Case to Top Court

(Continued from page 1)

firmed the INS ruling that Longstaff was indeed excludable.

DEFENSE ARGUMENT

Gay Rights Advocates has argued all along that excludability on medical grounds (according to the INS law) must be made on the basis of an examination by the Public Health Service. This Longstaff "passed" in 1965 and his admission to homosexual behavior 15 years later is irrelevant.

NGRA's brief also directs attention to the Carl Hill case in the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals where three judges held that an admission of homosexual activity is insufficient grounds to exclude an alien. Moreover, Title 8 Section 1224 insists that a medical examination and certification is required to determine a "psychopathic personality." No examination, no grounds to exclude.

Graff says that the Fifth Circuit Court decision is "plainly erroneous and deviates from congressional intent, administrative interpretation, and all precedents." He argues that the INS law insists a medical examination is essential in these matters. No one else can determine excludability in areas deemed

the rightful preserve of the Public Health Service.

At present, two jurisdictions in the nation, the Ninth Circuit and the Fifth Circuit, hold opposite opinions on excluding Gays from entering the country or applying for citizenship. In Texas and Louisiana Gays will be denied. In California, Washington, and Arizona Gays will be admitted.

NGRA's Legal Director Graff told the *Bay Area Reporter* it is not all that unusual for two opposing jurisdictions to exist side by side for long periods of time. The Supreme Court has no particular mandate to smooth things out. Sometimes they wait until another jurisdiction tackles the matter, and another.

However, in matters pertaining to naturalization, the United States Constitution mandates a uniform rule. Graff says that the Supreme Court must respond to their petition within 90 days. The court has the privilege of taking the case or not taking it. But NGRA feels that in that the Constitution calls for equality in this area, at some point soon they must reconcile the opposing rulings.

Jean O'Leary, who is the Executive Director and fundraiser

for NGRA, said that bringing the Longstaff case to the Supreme Court was a major effort for their organization. The 25-page brief took months of preparation and careful assemblage. It has been a team effort. Along with Knutson and Graff, attorneys from downtown law firms, Jeff Appleman and William O. Dillingham, have pitched in.



NGRA's executive director Jean O'Leary has been on the road soliciting funds to pay to bring Gay case to the US Supreme Court. (Photo: Rink)

O'Leary said to date the project has cost over \$2,500. In the event that the Supreme Court elects to hear the case, NGRA plans to engage the top lawyers in the field to argue their case before the Supreme Court. She said that she has been beating the bushes for more funds and could use a benefit or two to build a warchest.

P. Lorch

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Anti-Comic Boycott Catches Media's Eye

Producers Avoid Comment on Star's Cracks

by Allen White

Spokespersons for Paramount Pictures are continuing to issue a firm "no comment" when questioned about Eddie Murphy. The studio has refused to publicly acknowledge the criticism surrounding the young star.

Last week television cameras hovered over the Castro outlet of Gramophone Records following a *Bay Area Reporter* disclosure that the store was returning Murphy's records and video tapes. The three San Francisco network stations ran video clips of Murphy spewing out his comments on AIDS. All the stations credited Paramount as the source of the tape. Originally broadcast on the cable HBO channel, it is now distributed for purchase by Paramount Pictures.

Reaction to the television news shots has been overwhelming. Gramophone management reported that they have received over half a dozen calls threatening violence against the store. Though the store won't carry the material because of its anti-Gay content, at least two of the callers said the store was racist.

Insiders at Paramount speculated that the main reason the film company will not respond is because of simple economics. Studio sources say that the in-

vestment in Eddie Murphy, the star, is well over \$15 million dollars. The studio, it is reasoned, is much more concerned about offending Eddie Murphy than about offending the Gay community.

Peter Alexander, the head of the West Hollywood-based "Eddie Murphy Disease Foundation," said that there are several people behind their effort. They refuse to be named because they fear physical violence by people surrounding Murphy.

In their material they are encouraging people in New York to get tickets to a performance of NBC's "Saturday Night Live." Murphy appears on the show and they suggest people form guerrilla groups and "heckle Murphy mercilessly before a live, national audience."

A spokesperson for the Eddie Murphy's Disease Foundation

said, "We thought we had the disease contained within the Moral Majority, and now this." "Not only does Murphy add calculated misinformation about AIDS to an already frightened world, he uses it to justify an unprecedented attack on — as he puts it — 'faggots.' Either Eddie Murphy is the purest homophobe since Anita Bryant," the statement says, "or his gift of impersonation is far better than anyone has given him credit for."

In San Francisco, bumper stickers saying "Eddie Murphy's Disease Can Be Cured" are starting to appear. LeSalon, a large video store on Polk Street, last week discontinued sales of the Eddie Murphy tape. Management at Captain Video on upper Market Street held meetings with their store personnel regarding the Murphy material. They have taken a "wait and see" attitude.

Murphy is reportedly in Israel making a film. Murphy's management will only say that their star is not anti-Gay and will not acknowledge the controversy. ■



Eddie Murphy tapes and records are packed up to be returned to Paramount by Gramophone Records. (Photo: Rink)

NOW Sponsors Lesbian Rights Conference

Goldsmith, Apuzzo,
and Clark Featured

National Organization for Women President Judy Goldsmith, National Gay Task Force Executive Director Virginia Apuzzo, and Minnesota State Representative Karen Clark were among the featured speakers at the 1984 NOW Lesbian Rights Conference held the weekend of January 20-22 at the Red Carpet Inn in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The theme of the conference was "Lesbian Rights: Power and Politics in 1984."

"This conference provided an opportunity for pro-Lesbian and Gay activists to plan together for this crucial election year. Feminists and Lesbian and Gay activists must work together to assure that the United States finally protects the rights of all its citizens, regardless of sex or sexual orientation," Goldsmith said.

Clark, the highest ranking openly Lesbian elected official in the United States, has been a member of the Minnesota State Legislature since 1980. She spoke at the opening plenary session Saturday morning on the role of the Gay community in political campaigns. *Stay With Me*, a film about Clark's election, was shown.

Apuzzo addressed the dinner plenary session Saturday evening on the impact of Reagan administration policies on the Gay community.

NOW Vice President for Action Mary Jean Collins, National Association of Business Councils President Sarah Craig, National Coalition of Black Gays Co-Chair Chris Cothran, Gay Rights National Lobby Midwest Director Kathy Patrick, Gay Democratic Clubs Executive Director Tom Chorlton, and representatives of state and local Gay and Lesbian rights groups also participated. ■

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VOL. XIV NO. 4 JANUARY 26, 1984

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VIEWPOINT

LETTERS

Cures for the Asking, Cures for the Buying

It was an urgent call to the editor from a San Francisco airport hotel. She'd only be here for two days, and my name had been recommended to her by a mutual friend. (The "friend" I had never heard of but recognized the entree strategy as one that had been used before . . .)

She said she wanted to do work with AIDS patients and would I agree to interview her, as she knew my readers were entitled to know. About it all was that New York City sense of rush, once in a lifetime opportunity, and get it while you can or the item will be given to someone else, or in this case fly — in a coast to coast demand — back to New York.

She told me she was a healer. She was wanting to spread her skill, or her art, or her talents, or her line to the Gay community's sick and dying.

At my end of the phone, I began my usual hesitation waltz. I asked her about her "art." Did she carry or provide any printed material? She told me her skill came from her inner energies which she brought to bear on the patients. On written material she told me the number of television talk shows she had guested, who had last interviewed her, and in what newspaper.

"It would be much better if I could explain all this in person," she persisted.

I told her about the paper's policy of being loathe to get itself involved in alternative AIDS therapies, much less endorse them. I told her about one desk drawer filled with alternative AIDS cures from the Hawaiian herbal treatment to fluoride fanatics. I told her I was not a doctor and we had no staff to verify — much less validate — exotic systems.

Saying this, I reserved to myself the continued awareness that Western mainstream medicine was as much in the dark, had committed as many — if not more — fatal errors. Was the fast-talking healer any less exotic than high-paid, lengthy-degreed oncologists?

I told the healer that if any of my staff writers was interested, I'd call her back at the hotel. She told me she'd wait by the phone. I told her not to box me in . . . I'd leave a message.

Several weeks previous I had talked to the city's leading medical expert on AIDS; "What about the alternative therapies?" The response I got was they don't hurt; they don't help. "They only make it more difficult for us when they eventually come back here."

I understood that thinking as typical AMA "if they only could have come here earlier, we could have done something for them . . ." But it sounded hollow, if not ludicrous in view of the abysmal track record of any of the therapists. The individual opportunistic infections are cured but eventually the patients die as their immune system reaches a kind of "diesel-engine" status.

Increasingly we hear of a cottage industry of home cures building among PWA's. Plugging into other ways, we see a kind of kitchen-table abortions taking place. Which is not to say they don't work, or won't work. The players are emerging from a disenchantment with established medicine and its purveyors. The home remedies are also an awareness that the body you are curing is your own and no one else's. Just as the body you are now throwing away is your own. And does it make any difference if it's your living room or Ward 5B?

After several years of confusion over AIDS, we are little further ahead. Today it remains as it was from the first, any decision or direction an AIDS victim opts upon remains a throw of the dice.

What has changed is that the dice throwers are facing up to their taking charge of their decisions. And buying an AIDS cure is no less easy than buying a computer. (There are about as many models on the market.)

(Continued on next page)

March Wasn't All Peaceful

★ In your January 12 issue on the White Protest Rally, there is a grievous error in your reporting. It says, "despite the angry tempo and fever pitch of the mid-day protest downtown, there were no confrontations with police . . ." I should inform you that I have a citation (Not to mention arrest treatment bruises,) which I received when an assailant came through the sidewalk crowd twice and attacked me. During the second attack, the police became involved. (They didn't see the first attack.) and I was removed from the scene and cited.



(Photo: Rink)

Even though this homophobe was the aggressor, he was persuaded by one of our "boys in blue" to sign a citizen's arrest form. While this is going on outside the car, the officer inside with me started making apologies for his partner's behavior and verbally reprimanded the arresting officer for "wasting time." I am going to be prosecuted for this, and if any of your readers can remember this incident and more important — how it started — I need their support.

Any witness can contact me by calling 864-5821 x534, or by writing to F. Creighton Chamberlain at 625 Post Street, #518, San Francisco, CA 94109.

F. Chamberlain
San Francisco

New Wave Challenge

★ Watch out San Francisco, watch out Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence, and all the Empresses . . . The Von Flames for Better Living are coming to reign on your parade and other events.

After all we have a lineage not to be believed! And good taste to boot!!

Trixie, Gina, Alexis, Fonda Peters,
Bambi(NY)Libby(Houston) and our
Matriarch Aunt Cho V. Von Flame

Murphy TV Appearance

★ On Wednesday, January 25, comedian Eddie Murphy is scheduled to appear as guest Video Jockey. I consider Mr. Murphy's comments about Gay people and AIDS during his public performances to be cold and heartless. Therefore, I feel it only right, as a pro-

test, to boycott M-TV on January 25. I am urging my friends and family to do the same. This does not mean, however, that I will cease to watch M-TV which I enjoy immensely. M-TV gives music a different meaning using visual art. Perhaps there are others in the music field who feel the same way about Gay people and AIDS as Mr. Murphy does, but they at least have the decency to reserve their personal feelings and not comment about it in public.

Robert J. Macias
San Francisco

Items Wanting Notice

★ Since no city seems to want him, the simple solution to the Dan White dilemma is to banish him from the state. The one requirement of his parole would be that he not step foot in California.

And these are the other letters I've been meaning to write (with apologies to Guy Wright of the Examiner for stealing his line.)

Worldwide and national attention will be focused on San Francisco this summer when the Democrats hold their convention here. Unruly demonstrations that reflect a less-than-civil attitude will accomplish much less for Gays than will heavy lobbying and a few "SF Gays Welcome You" banners. Mind your manners, boys; the world will be watching.

Would that Sister Boom Boom stop trying to pass himself off as a spokesman for the Gay community. Many of us find his words and actions despicable, and not representative of the community at large.

Prisoners' requests for Penpals, if published at all, should be relegated to small print at the back of the paper. After all, the rest of us have to pay for our own ads.

Don Snetzinger
San Francisco

Self Rule

★ Let's hope good ol' "Dutch" will shove himself off on the first plane out. Here was a guy who let the freedom of San Francisco go to his head, so that freedom became a prison of a sort. It's happened to others, too many, nor do I "blame" him for this. Nonetheless, freedom free of a degree of self-discipline degenerates into the kind of personal anarchy that destroys, e.g. Fassbinder — not exactly a new development. One Peter Vierick wrote, years ago, that the "anarchy of bohemians" in pre-Hitler Germany led eventually to a demand for rule imposed from on high. — They felt incapable of imposing on themselves: Self-Rule!

R. Vernon
San Francisco

Castro Treasures

★ The Castro is full of Treasures. One Treasurer that is certainly to be cherished is the presence of the Seniors that I see there. To know that they have been part of the metamorphosis that makes the Castro as special as it is today is a constant inspiration. To hear their dialogue as I pass always gives me good food for thought. Those thoughts that sparkle in their eyes tell me that what has come before will continue to integrate with what is now giving fuel to keep the Castro perking for years to come.

May their Spirit be with us forever!

Richard Ammon
San Francisco

B.A.R.

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LETTERS

Metaphysicals Available

★ In order to present a more complete picture of the options available for those seeking an alternative approach to health, it should be mentioned, for the record, that there are many fine, reputable metaphysical organizations located here in San Francisco in which "healing" or what appears to be healing is a natural part of the teachings.

Michael Zonta
San Francisco

On Play's Squash

★ Re the review of Crystal Blaze by John F. Karr, (B.A.R. 12 January 1984).

Sophistication is often the justification when we look down on many of life's problems, turning away with disgust. "How boring," when the hot sex of a love affair cools down to lay bare other loving emotions. "How boring," when a friend tries to verbalize the same childhood fears which most of us labor under. "How boring," facing the hostile straight world with our tender feelings of love and lust for a same-sexed friend. "How boring," when one's career does not satisfy the creative urges as we had hoped.

Viewing any such situations as trite and therefore unworthy of attention is the bane of our sophisticated culture. Let's first be real, let's share the emotions that we can (and choose to) with our comrades, let's postpone our boredom forever. By facing, accepting, and owning as our own such feelings, can we gain from these experiences and guess what to try next in our lives.

Given these values I have expressed, it is not surprising that I disagree strongly with the sentiments expressed in John F. Karr's review of "Crystal Blaze." The major thrust of the criticism was that the play suffered from being old and trite, like TV, the reviewer said repeatedly. I would like to point out that the play dealt with real emotions. I, for one, do not care that the reviewer thinks he has extensive experience in the areas of New York City drag bars, drag queens and why they do what they do, old hunky lovers who hang around as friends, sisters who want to move into one's life, etc. I, for one, found much of that to be interesting stuff.

Furthermore, the reviewer's sophisticated attitude blinded him to the obvious (and innocently childlike) relationship between Chris, the Gay hunk, and Karen, the queen's sister. I am afraid that the reviewer's comments border on misogyny. Why not allow Gay men to be loving friends with women? This is the exact form of enforced stereotyping within the Gay community that the play screams about.

I did not think "Crystal Blaze" was without flaws, but I did find it a nice, enjoyable, even enlightening evening. Let's learn to accept diversity.

Tom Mapp
San Francisco

All Included

★ Please allow me to participate in such silliness and frivolity of selecting my best and worst for 1984. Here it goes:

Best for 1984: Everybody and Nobody!

Worst for 1984: Everybody and Nobody!

Now, everybody and nobody can't say that I have left out this person or that person. There, it is out of my system and I feel better already. This is so stupid!

Ed Dollak
San Francisco

Christ vs. Christmas

★ Re Mr. Randolph's "Gay Christmas" letter, 29 December issue: I have heard of visiting the sins of the father on his children, but Mr. Randolph appears to have reversed the process. If he looks carefully, I believe he will find that Jesus did not promise "everlasting hell-fire for the majority of the population;" his "followers," especially their leaders, have done that.

I have great respect for Christ; it's Christians who are the problem. And I wonder how many atheists are simply reacting against the admittedly absurd notions of God propounded by organized religions, instead of looking through themselves and those around them to the source of the love and caring Mr. Randolph appreciates so much.

Roy J. Wyman
San Francisco

Justifying Terrorism

★ Since a Mr. Cromwell objected to the Gay Irish nationalist speaker at the evening rally, I, being one of the contacts between the two groups, feel obliged to counter.

He characterized the decision as "stupid," rather than as the result of a different political orientation. Does he feel that anyone who differs from his perspective is lacking in intelligence?

The question of Irish nationalism has been raised by others in regards to the Dan White issue. He has certainly played the green card in his bid for sympathy. According to local Irish nationalist circles, however, he never did anything for the Irish cause except to play into the Irish-American as a right wing thug stereotype. This combined with the series of charges that the IRA

was engaging in queerbashing as a political tactic — a charge that no one in Ireland seems to have heard of — has led to a polarization of the Irish and Gay communities.

In fact, of all the national liberation movements, the Irish has been one of the most supportive of Gay rights (this is too complex an issue to go into here, but give the Gay and Irish nationalist forces space and we will).

The rally was not a law and order rally concerned with punishing crime. Hardly a good idea for a minority that is still criminal in many if not a majority of the states in this country. It was about injustice and death squads.

In "liberal democracies" there has been a double standard where justice and political violence are concerned. Death squads were not invented in El Salvador. The Ku Klux Klan was and is a death squad. The Weimar Republic was born with the Freikorps, whose emblem was the Swastika, wiping out the Spartacus Rising. While anti-war groups of the sixties were reeling under conspiracy indictments and grand jury investigations, not one member of the Boston School committee was indicted for inciting to violence during the Boston Race Riots of the Seventies. Today Right-to-Lifers are attacking women's health centers and not being indicted.

The IRA is not a pacifist organization. The Northern Irish Civil Rights Movement was pacifist and mixed (in Northern Ireland that means Protestant and Catholic, and non-religious) and inspired by the civil rights movement of the American South. It was destroyed by right-wing Protestant mobs, many of whom were off-duty or retired policemen who still kept their guns (sound familiar?). These same mobs have systematically killed any pro-nationalist Protestants.

Most pacifist movements in fact ended similarly. Gandhi considered himself a failure because of the sectarian violence of Hindu and Moslem that followed the British withdrawal under Montbatten. In South Africa there was a pacifist movement that ended in the infamous Orangeburg massacre. At that point South Africa was so isolated that it almost collapsed until rescued by North American banks.

Let me also remind Mr. Cromwell that the Stonewall riots that started the current phase of Gay liberation were a violent event. So was May 21. Most of us would feel someone was justified using violence to defend themselves. In a world headed toward nuclear annihilation, pacifism can be very attractive, but let's be intellectually honest.

Maybe what we need in the Gay press is some open debate on the relationship between Gay rights and national liberation, and the whole issue of violence not only in terms of self-defense and gang attacks, but also police attacks, violence within relationships (and I don't mean leather), familial and political violence. As well as the limits and strengths of nonviolence.

Sean McShee
San Francisco

ED. NOTE: This letter could have been signed just as easily, "Dan White."

P. Lorch

We All Must Die



(Photo: Rink)

★ We must all die, eventually. And many do so daily of old age. Thousands die daily while participating in the great automobile experiment. The only reason AIDS gets that kind of press can only be 'cause promiscuity is such an evil sin. The inquisition decided that. Bad for your health — de giooten.

Steve Perkins
San Francisco

In Stock?

★ Is there any store in San Francisco with worse wallpaper than Tiffany's?

Christopher Benedict
San Francisco

So There!

★ As an American I address this to all free thinkers. When it comes to free expression of ideas and thoughts, I may not agree with all you say, but I respect your right to say it. "As I hope you do mine."

I do no more believe in the privileged sanctity of sacred cows than I do of sacred bulls.

John Di Donna
San Francisco

Caught Bare Chested

★ Funny! I've always thought Auckland to be spelt A-U-C-K-L-A-N-D and to be found in New Zealand. Well, I guess noBODY is perfect.

Robert J. Lewis
San Francisco

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VIEWPOINT

(Continued from previous page)

Looking back on the urgent healer, I see now I left one thing undone. I could have transferred her call to the paper's advertising director. For a certain fee she could have added her voice to the ever-growing display case of health sellers. This way there'd be less ambiguity in what she had to offer to promote to sell.

I await the first enterprising spirit who organizes the first return-trip to Lourdes. Gallows humor? Perhaps, but superstition flourishes when science fails. And in the AIDS crap game, who's to know which is which ...

Paul Lorch

STEVEN C. OLSEN, M.D.

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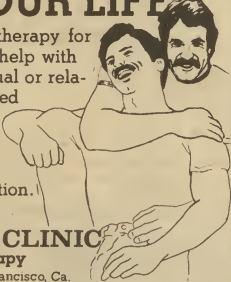
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LETTERS

A Constituent and Legislator's Exchange

Sebastiani on AB-1

★ Regarding my position on Assembly Bill 1, I voted against this measure on the Assembly floor June 22. I opposed this bill since it would make unlawful the employment practice of discriminating on the basis of sexual orientation or perversity.

I will continue to treat people of perverse sexual persuasions with dignity, however, I do not believe that we should in any way give legitimacy to conduct which is not completely moral.

Again, thank you for writing. If I may be of assistance to you in the future, please do not hesitate to contact me.

Don Sebastiani

A Constituent's Response

★ Thank you Assemblyman Sebastiani for your response to my letter. The enclosed maps were of great help to my understanding of the political structure of Sonoma county.

However, I do not understand your position regarding your refusal to support AB-1. In your letter you stated, and I quote "It (AB-1) would make unlawful the employment practice of discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation or perversity." I fail to understand how you interpret AB-1 as condoning or suggesting the employment of pervers. AB-1, as I understand it, merely makes it illegal to not consider hiring or to discharge a person solely on the basis of sexual orientation. This means that a heterosexual could not be fired on the basis of his sexual orientation, and the same would apply for a Gay person.

Nowhere in the legislation did I read the term "perv" in the description of sexual orientation. If I may quote from the bill itself, sexual orientation means heterosexuality, homosexuality, or bi-sexuality. Which of these terms do you interpret as perverse?

As for your gesture to "treat people of perverse sexual persuasions with dignity," may I suggest that is impossible. To define all people of a large and varied group, whatever their sexual orientation, as perverse is degrading, humiliating, and intolerable. This in no way can be interpreted as dignified.

Mr. Sebastiani, I am Gay. And I refuse to live a second class existence. Your refusal of my right to seek recourse in the event I am dismissed from my job, only on the basis of my sexual orientation, is less than acceptable.

I am a law-abiding, working, contributing member of society, and I will not accept anything less than all of my rights.

Rob Hanley
Santa Rosa

Food Drive

★ On behalf of the San Francisco AIDS Foundation, I want to thank all of you who have donated canned food and other household necessities for people with AIDS. The Foundation is coordinating this ongoing food drive to meet the needs of those in our community who have AIDS and don't have enough resources to consistently provide food for themselves. Since this is an ongoing need, any donations are appreciated. We currently have donation receptacles at: Western Community Money Center, 506 Castro Street; Chaps, 375 11th Street; Valencia Rose, 766 Valencia Street; and Maud's, 937 Cole, as well as at the Foundation offices, 54 Tenth Street.

Rick Crane
San Francisco AIDS Foundation

Bluestein Fan

★ At the risk of being redundant, I want to say again that I appreciate Ron Bluestein's "appearances" in B.A.R. His essay on George Orwell (1/12) not only confirmed an old, vague feeling of mine that Orwell was a compassionate man but Bluestein's essay also is, I think, a fine example of how two people who think and write clearly (Orwell and Bluestein) can provide solid pleasures.

Unearned opinions are easy to come by these days. That Bluestein provided relevant quotes to support his specific insights requires (at least) intellectual integrity and space. For the latter, I thank B.A.R. For the former, I thank Bluestein, whom I presume, needs no fan letter which this frankly is, because for me, at least, there is always in Bluestein's writing a sub-text. To say he possesses curiosity, good humor (as well as wit) and a wish to communicate the pleasures of what he's learned and knows may be presumptuous, but that's what I (also) experience and like it.

Furthermore, the results of intelligent and documented inquiry are always — are they not? — a tangible contribution to living well.

I mean not by bread, wine (and orgasm) alone do we ... etc.

John D. Dolan
San Francisco

Reporter Wants 'Pal' Sources

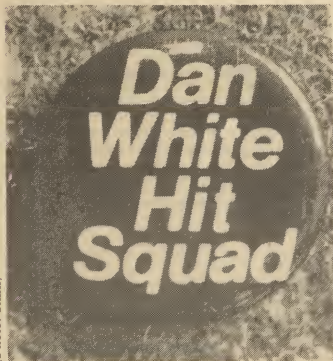
★ To anyone who has written a prisoner and would like to share his or her experiences with this reporter: please contact Mike Hippler care of this paper.

Mike Hippler
San Francisco

A Higher Road

★ I am disappointed with comments you made in your "Viewpoints" column in the 19 January 1984 issue of your paper. While the murders committed by White and the subsequent miscarriage of justice are deplorable, we seem to forget that he is still a human being. Indeed he has lost his rights as a citizen, but he has not lost his human rights, except as those who, like you, would take them away. Every human being has the right to live and to do so without the threat of violence. This is true even when the individual in question does not recognize that right for others. If we assume the role of bloodhound then how are we different from those who hound us and sometimes make our own lives miserable?

If we say that the Whites' handicapped baby is nature's revenge on Dan White, how are we different from those who say AIDS is nature's revenge on Gay people? This sort of "tit for tat" theology (I assume you mean God when you say "mother nature," since nature is not known to have a decision-making ability) is pre-Reformation and is based on neither Biblical authority nor human experience. It is, unfortunately, persistent in rearing its ugly head, generally through people who know more about religion than they do about God.



(Photo: Rink)

Why must we spend any of our resources in the essentially negative pursuit of White? Why not concentrate our efforts on changing the systems and structures which caused and allowed these events to happen in the first place? The pursuit of Dan White is not the pursuit of Justice. Our search for justice will lead us to effect changes in the society that causes homophobia and in the social systems which allow the violent expressions of homophobia to go unpunished, or worse, unnoticed.

We would do well to remember our goals as an exiled community: to be accepted as whole people who have a right to participate in society and, further, to make a contribution to that society toward growth in understanding of the rights of all humans to the same acceptance.

Linton D. Stables, III
Berkeley

ED. NOTE: When I say nature I mean nature. Your letter is well put and you operate by a higher light than I do. It's never been proven to me that nature does not have a decision making ability. AIDS and free-for-all sex is not an exception to the possibility.

I admit yours is a better way. It frees one from being overrun by the memory. It shames me that charity is not my operative principle. Neither though is vengeance, and I figure that "life" will take care of the Whites. And that gives me a certain amount of pleasure.

P. Lorch

Gaycon Press

★ I would like to commend you, Paul Lorch, Mike Hippler and the entire staff of the Bay Area Reporter for the articles on "Gays in Prison." Mike Hippler did an excellent job on the article about San Bruno, and a fabulous job on the "Men Who Write the Letters." He was very upfront and truthful in both articles. From what I have been told, the guys at San Bruno think it was great!!

Mike, keep up the good work, your articles have made my tasks at the Gaycon Press a lot easier, by helping tell the story from the inside out. I hope you continue in the same standard of responsible journalism, you're great! Thank you from me, The Gaycon Press, and all of the inmates on my mailing list! Keep telling it like it is!!!!

Kim Walters
Associate Editor, Gaycon Press
San Francisco

GDI's

★ I would like to thank the GDI's and congratulate them on their Tenth Anniversary Party. It was well organized and brought together so many people for a wonderful evening. The GDI's showed everyone how to work together and support San Francisco, the City we all live in and love. If we all work together as the GDI did we can do anything.

Garry McLain
San Francisco

LETTERS

Prison Pen Pals

Letter is a Fake

★ I am writing this letter in response to an ad in the Prisoner Letter section which carried my name in the January 5, 1984, issue of your paper.

First of all, let me unequivocally state that I DID NOT SUBMIT THAT LETTER!!!

The inflammatory and highly libelous letter was written, I believe, by Kenneth Wayne Dodson, a former lover (trick?) in a mentally limited attempt to discredit me and my business endeavors.

Kenneth and I were together for six months and I did not realize that breaking up would evoke such a vicious attack upon my personage.

In rebuttal to that previous letter, I would like to state that I am not Black and NONE of the sexual activities mentioned therein hold any interest to me whatsoever. It is conceivable, though, that those activities may be secret desires of "Mr." Dodson.

I would like to thank B.A.R. for the more than generous contributions for the betterment of the prison community. (Prisoners are people too!!) I know that some people have taken advantage of your generosity, but I hope that these do not deter you from your future kindnesses.

James M. Bayt
P.O. Box AE-1215
San Luis Obispo, CA 93409

P.S. My middle name is not "Maryann"!!

Prima Donna in Pendleton

★ My name is James Swangin. . . I'm young. . . how young? 22. . . I have blonde hair, my eyes change colors, from blue to green. I'm 5' 8", 145 lbs. My skin is fair. . . I like to stay healthy, so I work out. . . lift weights, jog, play handball, and I love to know my effort for taking care of my B-o-d-y is appreciated.

I'd love to find some nice guys. . . open minded. . . who are not afraid to probe and really get to know each other. I like to do lots of things. . . especially working out and getting all sweaty in the heat of the night with a really interesting partner. I love to be noticed, and I always get noticed. . . and all the guys I've met have made me proud with their endless compliments. . . my purpose for this letter is to find a permanent lover.

James Swangin
P.O. Box 30
Pendleton, IN 46064

To Find a Friend

★ If I am presently incarcerated here in Florida. I would like to find someone to write. I am a WM, 30 years old, 6' 2", 180#, blonde hair and blue eyes. I would like to find a friend. I enjoy motorcycles, camping and the outdoors.

Bernie Webber, B-086312
MCI Box 888
P.O. Box 158
Lowell, FL 32663

Share Dreams with Hoosier

★ I'm seeking correspondence. I'm a 25 year old male, lonely, incarcerated and am looking for honest and sincere companionship with others who wish to share their intimacies or possibly share their most sought after dreams.

I'm very open minded and enjoy sharing past experiences. If you'll write, I'll share my most desired fantasies with you and tell you more about myself and my wild travels.

David Spears, #23720
Box 30, 16-1C
Pendleton, IN 46064

Nice Rump in Indiana

★ I am a Gay white male who is currently within the walls of the Indiana Institution and I'm searching for a hunk to write me. If you can help, will you please place this ad in your paper?

Horny, hot Gay male is looking for a good friend, sexy lover, or just any "ole" body who will write. I shall be released from here late this year and I need a lover. You decide. I'm 26, brown hair, brown eyes, 140 pounds and 5' 10". I also have a nice rump!

Thomas E. Coppock #19088
P.O. Box 30 - 9 - 4A
Pendleton, IN 46064

Muscular Black

★ My good friend Big Ed said you printed his ad and you might print mine, so here goes:

Black, muscular, bi-man has what it takes to keep a gay guy happy. I'm intelligent and looking for fun w/letters and hot photos. Write and see why Black is beautiful.

Charles Patterson, 053336
P.O. Box 158 (633)
Lowell, FL 32663

Long and Lovable

★ I'm a Black male. I am currently incarcerated in the men's reformatory in Pendleton, Indiana.

I'm searching for women or gays to write me. If you can help, would you place this ad in your paper?

"Black male in a 'desperate search' for women or gays to write me. I will be released from the Indiana State Reformatory this year and I'm going to need a 'hot' and 'horny' lover. You decide: I'm 6' 5", black wavy hair, brown eyes, light complexion. And I've got a 10½-inch cock! I'm 23 years old. If interested, write and send picture."

Tracy L. Vincent, #29347
Indiana State Reformatory
H cell house 18-4B
P.O. Box 30
Pendleton, IN 46064

Bisexual in Florida

★ A friend advised me that you may assist me in an ad in your publication.

I am a prisoner. I'm White and bisexual, 18 years old, 5'9½" tall, weight 145, sandy blond hair, blue eyes. I enjoy a person on an honest basis. One on one — for future relationship. Have many interests.

Thank you very much for your time and concern.

Roy Whited, #43130
P.O. 1100
Avon Park, FL 33825

Kinky Fascinates in Indiana

★ Hi! My name is Gene Moses, twenty-nine years, 6 ft., 160 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, goodlooking, very athletic. I have a wide variety of interests: out-of-doors activities, dancing, books, movies. Sex I'm very good at; kinky things fascinate me. I'm incarcerated, looking for pen pals with a possible relationship in the future. Will be released in July '84. Looking to relocate anywhere but Indiana. Write to me soon.

Gene Moses, #7599
Box 30 19-6C
Pendleton, IN 46064

Gay in Soledad

★ I am presently in the California Correctional Facility at Soledad. I am Gay and wish to get in touch with the community outside. I understand that your paper is one of the largest in circulation within the Gay community.

I am indigent, meaning that I have no way of subscribing to your publication and I am wondering how an inmate such as myself can receive at least a weekly paper. If you can afford to send me a subscription I would very much appreciate it.

Thank you for your time and consideration.

James E. Flolid
po C-52775 Dorm 4-18U
CTF-South
Soledad, CA 93960

Brief in Tracy

★ I'm a lonely prisoner looking for a lasting relationship, friendship. Please write.

Terry Lee Smith, C-20497
P.O. Box 600
Tracy, CA 95376-0600

Gay in Indiana

★ I am a Gay white male who is currently doing time at the Indiana Reformatory.

I'm looking for a fellow to write me. If you can help me, will you please place this ad in your paper?

"Gay male is looking for a good friend or lover. For support, friendship, understanding, and patience. I'll be down for awhile and I'm very lonely and need a friend. I'm 5'6", 140 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, nice rump. Love and need the good life with a well-to-do lover."

Brad Antrim, #10401
Box 30 7-6A
Pendleton, IN 46064

Lifer in Florida

★ I'm writing in request that I be considered for the Bay Area Reporter's inmate listing. I was informed by a dear friend and subscriber that it's possible I can procure a listing. I would appreciate your consideration and concern.

I'm a lifer, 6'1", 190 lbs., black hair, hazel eyes, a native Floridian, aggressive and straightforward with a sunny disposition; interests are chess, backgammon, reading, and sports.

James Fussell, 015695
P.O. Box 747
Starke, FL 32091



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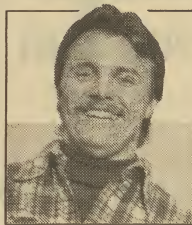
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Carl Hill Case

Appeals Court Denies INS Rehearing

by Paul Lorch

The US Court of Appeals has turned down INS's latest maneuver in the Carl Hill case.

Last week the Immigration and Naturalization Service attorneys were informed by the Ninth Circuit Court that there would be no rehearing *en banc* (with all the justices attending).

On September 7, three Appeals Court justices ruled that homosexual foreigners cannot be stopped from entering the US because they are Gay.

The three-judge decision January 17 was unanimous, as was the September ruling. Senior Circuit Judge Ely and Circuit Judges Schroeder and Boochever ruled, "The full court has been advised of the suggestion (INS's) for *en banc* rehearing and no judge of the court has requested a vote on the suggestion for rehearing *en banc*."

Appeals Court watchers say it is not unusual for attorneys who have lost a case before the Court

of Appeals to request all the circuit judges to vote on the issue. It is also not unusual for the circuit judges to turn down the suggestion.

The *en banc* move, therefore, is one attorneys get involved in before they move to the Supreme Court. This way they demonstrate they have exhausted all avenues at a lower level. The government now has 90 days to ask the Supreme Court to review the Hill case.

If they don't, the decision stands. National Gay Rights Advocates expects the INS to go to the top.

The Ninth Appeals Court ruling (which only applies in Mon-

tana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, Nevada, California, Arizona, Alaska, and Hawaii) said that in order for any Gay male or Lesbian to be excluded from the US, they would have to have the Public Health Service certify that they were Gay (and hence psychiatrically deficient). If there is no such test administered, as the original INS law calls for, there can be no exclusion then for being homosexual. After the Carl Hill incident, Public Health doctors said there would be no more tests, as homosexuality was no longer considered a sickness.

Attorney Leonard Graff speaking for NGRA on hearing the ruling commented, "I expect for the government to ask for a Supreme Court review because the INS still feels Gay men and Lesbians ought to be excluded from this country."

KS Takes Paul Dague

(Continued from page 1)

funds and foundation grants.

Dague left OC to go into full-time private practice. At the time KS was discovered, the clinical psychologist was counseling AIDS patients. That one so close to others with the disease should contract the same sickness at first caused alarm in the medical profession and service related personnel.

Bay Area Reporter's Konstantin Berlandt interviewed Dague in a front-page story August 19, 1982. Dague had been working for nine months at the KS Clinic at UCSF interviewing intake patients. He had 15 to 20 sessions with each patient, "talking without touching" he said at the time.

The big question then was where did he catch the KS. He insisted it was not from his psychological services.

Dague said at the time he could more easily have caught it at the baths he had gone to once in the previous 2½ years "for one night." Beyond that, Paul maintained, "I know everybody I've fucked with in the last 2½ years. We're still friends. And none of them, to the best of my knowledge, has had sex with anyone who had KS or pneumocystis pneumonia."

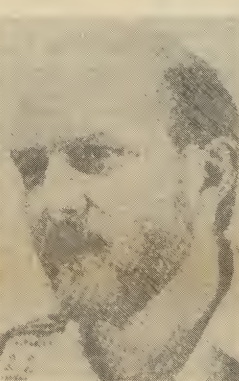
These were the days before we knew of or talked about AIDS.

Dague called himself the "least likely candidate" to contract KS when he compared himself to generalizations released by the federal government's Communicable Disease Center in Atlanta, profiling the average candidate.

He described himself as a relatively mild-mannered homosexual when compared to the ravagingly promiscuous who turned up so often in the Atlanta-collected early statistics.

Dague told Berlandt that he felt the disease "has made me a much more compassionate therapist, especially with KS patients." He would tell them immediately that he shared their disease. "I'm just like you," he would say. He noted that for patient and psychologist an "awful lot of bullshit is cleared out when you're looking at the Grim Reaper."

From the first, in spite of the mortality figures, Dague vowed to beat the odds. In August 1982



Paul Dague
1937 - 1984

Dague was "reluctantly optimistic" his cancer would go away. The tumor behind his ear was shrinking. He credited his first signs of cure to Dr. Conant at the UC clinic, his homeopathic doctor, several good books in the field of psychophysic health, his new diet of rest and good food to restore his immune system to what it should be, exercise, massage, and his own self-therapy to restore emotional and spiritual health. He looked forward to the day when his health would be improved and his doctors allow him to kiss again.

Such was not to be the case. The day after the interview more lesions appeared. The lesions spread over the surface of Dague's body. He became disfigured and horrible to behold. Only with valiant effort did he reportedly appear in public.

★ ★ ★

Dague earned a BA from Stanford, a Master's from Texas Christian University, and a PhD from the California School for Professional Psychology then in San Francisco. He was a volunteer with the adult outpatient department of Sunnyvale's County Mental Health program in the earlier 70's, and mental health director of Berkeley's Gay services Pacific Center from 1975-77, before becoming Director of Operation Concern from 1978-80, dispensing Lesbian and Gay mental health and other social services and referrals in San Francisco. Since then

he had devoted himself full-time to private practice before joining the KS research program in late 1981 on a part-time and volunteer basis. He was a Lecturer for the University of California's Dermatology Department, under which the KS Clinic exists.

Dague boasted of being a farmer for five years in Walla Walla, Washington, where he was raised, and of learning to speak "third grade level Vietnamese with no accent" during his five-year 60's stint in the Army before returning to school. He had risen to the rank of captain.

Dague had been married and was the father of teenaged children. His marriage, he said, did not end "because I was Gay. It was just a shitty marriage." His divorce in 1967 was followed by his "bisexual phase" in 1969.

He vowed when he moved here in '71, after school in Texas, "When I get to California I'm going to be Gay."

Asked in 1982 if he didn't feel betrayed by that dream since he contracted KS, Dague answered that imagining only good things would come with liberation would be "naive."

"For some reason yet unknown we're the first group hit by it. One can hypothesize forever. People who don't like Gay people will use the reality of KS in very negative ways."

Last summer, when he was already very ill, he delivered a paper at the Anaheim American Psychological Association convention entitled "AIDS: When the Practitioner Becomes the Patient." The audience responded with a standing ovation.

P. Lorch

State Counselors Set Workshops

Five workshops focused on Gay and Gay-related issues will be presented at the California Personnel and Guidance Association (CPGA) Convention to be held at the San Francisco Hyatt Regency Hotel, February 17-19.

For information contact Ron Logston at (707) 664-2513 or Bob Westwood at Area Code (415) 469-2171.

GRNL Gets Acting Director

Four Names Surface as Endean Successor

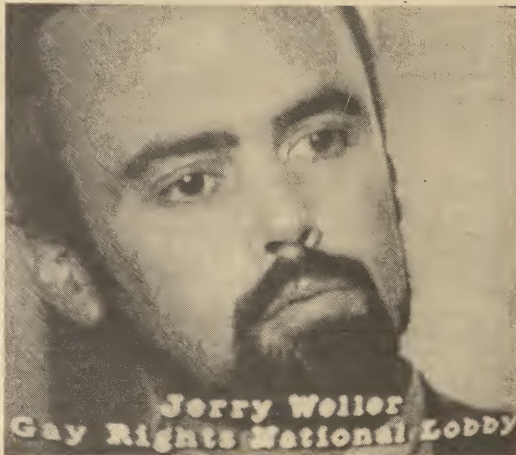
The Executive Committee of Gay Rights National Lobby (GRNL) announced this week that Deputy Director Jerry Weller will assume the position of Acting Executive Director until a new, permanent Executive Director of GRNL is named. Weller will assume all the duties of former Executive Director, Steve Endean. Endean's resignation has now taken effect; he announced he would leave GRNL in mid-October. Meanwhile GRNL

Board Members are gauging the credentials and reputations of four Gay activists who are interested in replacing Endean.

Previous to becoming Deputy Director of GRNL in July 1983, Weller served for two and a half years as co-chair of the GRNL Board of Directors. He lived in Portland, Oregon and worked as a full-time Gay community organizer since 1976, until moving to Washington, DC upon becoming the GRNL's deputy.

"This is simply a proper step in an orderly transition process from over five years of GRNL oversight by Steve Endean, to the naming of a new executive director, and the changes that will occur under that individual's administration." Weller stated, "The GRNL staff is well trained and prepared for assuming extra duties during this transition phase. It is our goal to work toward the continued decline of our debt while lobbying Congress on behalf of America's Lesbians and Gay men. AIDS research funding, civil rights legislation, and non-discrimination policies in the military and immigration will continue to be GRNL priorities." Weller also added that the GRNL Field Program under the direction of Tanyan Corman with assistance from Midwest Director Kathy Patrick continues to be an effective national force. "Of course I'm excited by the challenges of these new duties, but the entire GRNL staff looks forward to working under the direction of a new, permanent Executive Director," Weller concluded.

Four activists, according to the Larry Bush Report, are being talked about as a possible Endean replacement. They are Tony Silvestri from Philadelphia; Tom Depriest from the Virginia Gay Alliance, Russ Brady, a political fundraiser for the AMA; and San Francisco Police Attorney Law Wilson. Gay constituents are urged to submit their reactions to these names to GRNL, P.O. Box 1892, Washington, DC 20013.



Jerry Weller
Gay Rights National Lobby

\$10,000 Raised for Gay PAC

the scandal broke that during the March on Washington in 1979 he re-routed his daily jogging so that he would come near — but not too near — the marchers. He said the legislators were aware of the march, and one commented to him that he never thought there were any of "them" in his district until one of the Gay marchers, a factory worker, visited his office.

Some local Gay leaders had urged Studds to announce here whether he was running for reelection this year. He remained noncommittal, but it is rumored that he will be running and will announce soon in Massachusetts. The speaker did comment, "The first thing I can do is be a fine congressman — who happens to be Gay."

POLITICAL ACTION

Guests included John Laird, the new Gay Mayor of Santa Cruz; District Attorney Arlo Smith; Public Defender Jeff Brown; Municipal Judges Mary Morgan and Herb Donaldson; Community College Board President Tim Wolford; and Dick Basile, executive director of the Human Rights Campaign Fund.

An ecstatic Kerry Woodward, HRCF Co-chair, was pleased by the large turnout. She urged continued support for the fund which raised \$140,000 last year and distributed it to pro-Gay candidates in 119 campaigns. She said that HRCF help was a deciding factor in electing some

candidates and in defeating others who have unfavorable records.

Woodward said the criteria for whom HRCF supports at election time includes the candi-

dates' positions on extending the civil rights act to include Gay people, freedom for Gay people everywhere to emigrate here, and support for additional AIDS funding.

In urging community support for the Human Rights Campaign Fund, Woodward concluded, "Now, we have our own Political Action Committee. We don't have to beg from legislators anymore."

G. Mendenhall



Rep. Gerry Studds (D-MA) now that he's been pushed out of the closet, manages to work the Gay circuit. (Photo: Rink)

Conference on Gay Legal Issues and Legal Careers

handle them.

A conference on Gay and Lesbian Legal Issues and Legal Careers will be held on Saturday, February 4 at Golden Gate University, 536 Mission Street in San Francisco from 9 AM to 4 PM. The conference is sponsored by Bay Area Lawyers for Individual Freedom and Gay student groups at local law schools.

The purpose of the conference is to bring together practicing attorneys, law students, and others interested in legal careers so they can discuss the opportunities and obstacles the legal profession presents for Gay people.

The core of the conference is a series of panel discussions by local attorneys on what it is like to be a Gay man or Lesbian in the legal community. Each panel will deal with a different work environment: the large law firm, the small law firm, solo practice, government agencies, public interest groups, the judiciary, academia, and criminal trial practice. Gay and Lesbian attorneys working in these environments will provide an insider's view to the problems they face on the job and how they

The conference also features a series of panel discussions on different legal issues facing the Gay community. Practicing attorneys will discuss their work and current developments in employment discrimination law, parental rights, partnership agreements, estates, Gay rights in the military and high-security jobs, and the legal implication of AIDS. There will also be a "Lesbian Roundtable" to discuss the particular problems women face in the legal profession.

A wine and cheese reception will follow the conference, and give participants a chance to get to know each other, share ideas, and draw support for pursuing a career in law.

The is no charge to attend the conference. Registration will take place at the door. For more information, contact: Peter Fowler, Golden Gate University, 442-7260.

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QUICKIES!

Gay Asians Banquet



(Photo: Rink)

The Association of Lesbian and Gay Asians (ALGA) will hold their third annual Chinese New Year Banquet on Friday, February 17. As a benefit celebration for the Chinese Year of the Rat (4286), an exotic nine-course dinner has been planned.

Billed as a Nouvelle Chinese Banquet, the dinner will take place at the elegant and chic Yank Sing Restaurant in the financial district (427 Battery Street). The contemporary and stylish decor here (modern furniture, track and recessed lighting) will be quite a refreshing departure from the usual Chinatown-fair. The dinner with an added emphasis on visual presentation will feature Stuffed Boneless Phoenix, Sauteed

Abalone with Black Forest Mushrooms, Emperor Emerald Prawns and Crab Legs. No host cocktails with complimentary hot hor d'oeuvres will begin at 6 PM, followed by dinner at 7 PM.

Guest speaker for the evening will be the Honorable Herbert Donaldson, Judge of the Municipal Court. Entertainment features the sensational Hulamanu "Moemoea Polynesian Dancers."

Last year over 150 members of ALGA, guests and friends of the community attended this celebration. With a successful track record and added publicity, this year's event is expected to surpass last year's.

Catholic Gay Ministry Group Expands

New Ways Ministry, a national Roman Catholic center in Mt. Rainier, MD, involved full-time in Gay ministry, has expanded its staff with the appointment of Rick Garcia as Northeastern Field Representative.

Garcia, a student of sociology at Manhattan's New School for Social Research, originally joined the full-time staff of New Ways in 1978. His reappointment, after an absence since 1981, will expand the group's multifaceted work of education, pastoral ministry, and advocacy for Gay civil rights.

Garcia comes to New Ways with a variety of experiences in the Catholic and Gay communities. The 27-year old former St. Louisan was very involved with the Gay community in that city and has served on the Board of Directors of such organizations as the St. Louis Women's Ordination Conference, Dignity/St. Louis, and the Missouri Coalition for Human Rights. Garcia has been active in numerous campaigns in the East and Midwest to secure legislation prohibiting discrimination against Gay and Lesbian people and participated in the historic meeting of Gay religious caucuses and Gay ministry groups with the staff of President Carter in 1980.

At New Ways Ministry Garcia will coordinate the group's activities in the Northeast as well as serve as a liaison to Gay groups, peace and justice organizations, and official and grassroots Catholic groups.

Milk Gets AIDS Grant

The Harvey Milk Gay Democratic Club announced to its membership Tuesday night the receipt of a \$5,985 grant from the Chicago Resource Center to continue AIDS education work within the Gay community. The Center's support will enable the Milk Club's AIDS Education Committee to update and distribute nationally the club's highly acclaimed "Can We Talk?" brochure.

35,000 copies of the brochure, which provided answers to questions about AIDS and Gay male sexuality, were distributed during 1983 by volunteers from the Milk Club. In addition to local distribution, the AIDS Education Committee sent brochures to more than 70 organizations in 20 states and 5 countries, as well as to any who had requested it.

In 1983, says a Milk Club press release, the Milk AIDS Committee responded to the crisis with a lobbying effort in addition to its fundraising and community education work. The committee raised almost \$14,000 in 1983, \$4,000 of which went to the national fund for an AIDS lobby.



Santa Cruz joined in with a Dan White Day release protest. Organizer Rick Haze holds the banner.

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BLEEDING WITH JOY

Early last fall I ran into a handsome, sun-burned man on Castro Street, a hunky city farmer, thorn-hairy rough, who turned me on, who turned me over, who plowed my field until it bled with joy, with pain. My body felt as if a thousand horses had fun over it and furrowed me.

NORMAL

A week later, I returned to Normal, Illinois, to my lover, my teaching and my hothouse plants. Tried to revive the swollen, uncut cactus my boyfriend had almost killed with care while I was gone away. Then nearly spent myself blessing scores of freshmen essays with red ink. However, whenever deadlines met gave both of us a chance to flee, we stalked dodos and unicorns, licked memories and dreams, danced naked under trees at noon, at night.

SCRAPS OF PRESS REPORTS

And then, one day, it dawned on me that the hunky stranger, whose name I never knew, had dropped deathly seeds into my earth.

First I threw up disbelief, then anger, rage; drooled guilt, self-pity, fear, before I fought deficiencies, immunities, communities, before I tried to heal myself.

But all in vain, it seemed. My body's rotting now: thistledown is growing

on my throat; purple flowers eat my skin. Right now I live on scraps of press reports, on jargon food, on drugs which turn all seasons into one; too weak to kick up further fuss, too strong to go.

On the other hand, my friends no longer scapegoat me; instead, they write, or call, or organize. But most of all, I have survived on baskets of my boyfriend's love whose loyalty has brought silver linings to his hair.

THE MASTER

Then, suddenly, everything changed: Late last night, my lover had just left, the sun-burned leather god, bract-hairy, rough, forced his way into my private room at the Mercy Hospital Center.

"Turn over, buddy," he said, "I've come to get you. Now. You're mine. For good."

"What the hell...?" I wanted to shout, but only thistle fluff flew out of my mouth.

"Hurry up, boy," the Master urged and walked straight toward my bed.

I saw frost on his sun-glasses and instantly I knew that my minutes, my seconds of grace were running out. That moment an earthquake hit my brain; I felt old fuckblood turn to wine. "No," I said with all my voice, "I am, I am not yours. So help me God. So help me... God."

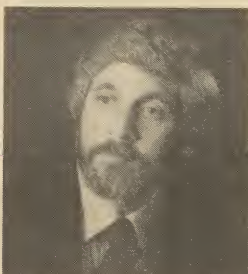
"Die down, sucker. Smell the ground. You don't need God no more," he grinned, "I've come." He turned, removed his cap, unzipped his jeans, switched off the light. "For the last time, sweet ass, turn over." He dropped his boots, his voice: "Don't waste my time. I have to work fast lanes again. Lost souls. The usual shit. You know."

Stillness filled the dark. Silence.

Except for the sound of black leather hitting the floor. The intimate stranger moved closer, bent over me. I felt his grip, his breath: "Remember, babe," he said, "hope and death are risks that must be run by all of you."

— Martin Thomas

Live AIDS TV Forum



Dr. Mervyn Silverman, Director of Public Health, for the city and county of San Francisco will host "AIDS: A San Francisco Update," a call-in program on Viacom Cablevision's local origination channel, Cable 6. The program airs Friday, January 27 at 8:30 PM and will feature guests Dr. Marcus Conant, Co-Director, Kaposi's Sarcoma Clinic, UCSF and Dr. Paul Volberding, Chief of Oncology, San Francisco General Hospital. The phone number for viewers to call in is (415) 864-2921.

Monopoly in the Fog

The Fraternal Order of Gays — The FOG will have Monopoly Night on Saturday, January 28, 8 PM, at 934 Ortega Street, San Francisco. Call Nick at 566-6227 for information and reservations.

While having fun playing this very popular game, players will enjoy refreshments and snacks and to add a little spice to the competition, the evening's FOG winner will receive a prize. The cost is \$3.50 for members and \$4.50 for guests.

The FOG is a new Gay social organization. Its primary purpose is to bring members of the Gay Community together just to have fun, meet others with similar interests and make new friends. The FOG offers members an alternative to the bars. The varied activities of the FOG include Game Nights, Trips, Lectures, Language Classes, Parties, Outings, and much more. For additional information write to the FOG, 934 Ortega St., San Francisco, CA 94122, or call 566-6227.

AIDS UPDATE

WHAT'S THE LATEST INFORMATION ON AIDS?

For the facts from the front line of medical research and San Francisco health experts, watch Viacom Cablevision's special six-part series on Cable 6:

MON, JAN 23	What Have We Learned So Far?	8:00 PM
TUE, JAN 24	Research and Treatment	8:00 PM
WED, JAN 25	The Psycho/Social Side	8:00 PM
THU, JAN 26	Coping with the Unknown	8:00 PM
FRI, JAN 27	A Crisis in Health Care	8:00 PM

FRI, JAN 27	AIDS: A San Francisco Update	8:30 PM
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With Dr. Mervyn Silverman, SF Director of Public Health; Dr. Marcus Conant, Co-Director Kaposi's Sarcoma Clinic, UCSF; Dr. Paul Volberding, Chief of Oncology, SF General Hospital. Viewers will be able to call in their questions during this live presentation.

VIEWPOINT

Supervisor Harry Britt discusses the issues with Chronicle Reporter Marshall Kiduff. Friday, January 27, 7:30PM

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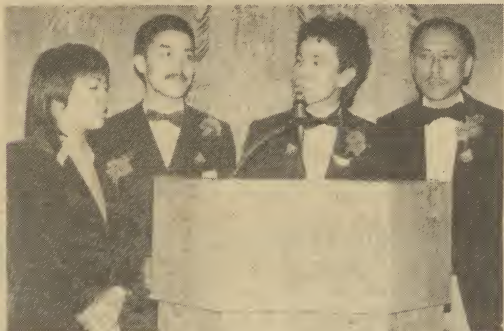
1983: The Year Some Minority Gays Came Out

A Personal Retrospective

by Dion B. Sanders

Last Sunday was what would have been the 55th birthday of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Two years from now, his birthday will become a national holiday on the third Monday of January.

Were it not for Dr. King and the movement he started nearly 30 years ago in Montgomery, Alabama, the Gay community as we know it today — and for that matter, the anti-Vietnam War movement, the women's movement, the modern antinuclear movement, and the environmental movement — would not exist.



Gay American Asians at their 1983 banquet. (Photo: Rink)

We will never know what Dr. King would think about the Gay Freedom movement *per se* were he alive today. After all, he was, first and foremost, a minister. But he did base the Black civil rights movement on a fundamental religious and moral belief that all people have a God-given right to human dignity and freedom.

But as one who has benefited directly from his movement, I doubt very seriously that Dr. King would have remained silent at the almost-total invisibility of non-White Gay men and Lesbian women in the Gay movement until very recently.

I am sure that Dr. King would be outraged at the widespread discrimination that non-White Gays have had to endure — and in many areas are still

enduring — in the Gay community.

Gay businesses whose staffs are almost lily-white; Black Asian, Latino, and Native American Gays who are systematically barred from entering Gay establishments through demands for three or more pieces of identification; and an almost-total blackout of any news and information of, by, and for Third World Gays in the Gay — and mainstream — press would infuriate him.

In my very first article in the *Bay Area Reporter* (which appeared last June in time for the Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade), I wrote that "for Gay and Lesbian People of Color, invisibility had been the order of the day for years . . . But in 1983, the rules were being challenged.

"Gay and Lesbian People of Color are coming out of the closet of invisibility and asserting themselves, destroying the twin myths that all Gay people are White and that non-White Gays do not exist." I penned — myself, for one, living proof of the fallacy of those myths.

The headline that appeared over the story included a quotation from a letter to the editor that I wrote only two weeks earlier: "For far too long, Gay and Lesbian People of Color have been ignored by the community . . . but that 1983 may see a turning point."

Sure enough, in the six months since that quotation was published, 1983 *did* become a



Gay Latinos sport themselves proudly in the Castro Street Fair. (Photo: Rink)

turning point in the fortunes of non-White Gays within the community — and without.

Barely two months after that article, intensive lobbying by Black Gays won the inclusion of a Black Lesbian feminist speaker at the rally in the nation's capital commemorating the 20th anniversary of Dr. King's March on Washington — forging an unprecedented, albeit



Black Lesbians & Gays booth it up at the '83 Gay Parade. (Photo: Rink)

uneasy, alliance between the Black and Gay civil rights movements.

Despite the bitter opposition of his more fundamentalist fellow Black ministers, the Rev.

Third World and interracial Gay organizations — most notably Black and White Men Together — launched an all-out nationwide attack on race discrimination by Gay-owned-and-operated businesses, including lawsuits in New York and Washington, DC; picketing and boycotts in Philadelphia, Atlanta, and Chicago; and complaints to human rights commissions in Los Angeles and San Francisco.

There has been a noticeable increase in coverage of Third World Gays by the Gay press — especially in New York, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, and Washington.

More recently, at least two other major Gay newspapers, the *Philadelphia Gay News* and the *New York Native*, have added non-White Gays to their reporterial staffs and a third, the *Washington Blade*, has added a Third World Gay columnist — Melvin Boozer, former DC director of the National Gay Task Force.

In addition, the Gay Press Association adopted a *de facto* Affirmative Action policy to seek out and recruit non-White Gay journalists.

And the current issue of *The Advocate* has a cover story on Third World Gays. Although it is by no means the first such article, it is the first time that more than just Black Gays have been reported on by the "National Gay Newsmagazine." The cover shows three Gay men — one Black, one Latino, and one Asian.

(Continued on page 17)

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Gay political clubs promoted Third World caucuses. The group here represents a minority within a minority. (Photo: Rink)

PLANNING SAN FRANCISCO

WHAT'S IN IT FOR US?

Planning Issues in the 80's

CHUCK FORESTER

"What is a planning issue?" is not a question on everyone's lips. Yet, particularly in 1984, I would say that it's something worth talking about.

My hardest assignment in writing this column is to concentrate on Gay and Lesbian issues in planning. Planning encompasses a broad array of activities that affect all of us as citizens of the city, and traditionally, planning issues tend to break down along economic lines. Bear with me as I shift gears, so to speak, and begin asking myself a different set of questions. In the last column plans for South of Market were discussed. Here planning issues are clear because the neighborhood itself is one where so many of us spend our time by day and by night. The future of the area itself is the issue.

To begin we must remember the climate in which we are trying to define issues. In San Francisco anything debated by two or more people is an issue; anything agreed upon by two or more people is a cause.

A PRIMER ON PLANNING

City planning issues range from the specific: a neighborhood dispute over a rear yard setback, to the general: the urban design of San Francisco in the year 2000.

Planning generally deals with land use, and it grows from three roots: design, nuisances, and concern for the future. The magnificent boulevards of Paris and Washington, DC, were based on designs for those cities. Washington was built as a new town, while Paris was built a city (a 19th century form of urban renewal). Without those grand designs those cities would be far less grand. San Francisco set a contemporary standard for cities in America with its Urban Design Plan ten years ago.

As early cities grew and changed, offensive activities such as tanneries and abattoirs ended up next to housing. The neighbors complained. Government needed a means of controlling those "nuisances," and zoning was born. Zoning has become a tool for restricting activities and creating homogeneous areas of similar activities. Unfortunately, it does not provide the opposite potential for ensuring certain land uses. Right now the city could zone whole tracts of land for housing (or commercial or for lofts, etc.), but if the market isn't there, the housing won't be built.

Planning for the future involves both physical plans and goal setting. You're probably familiar with the physical plans, and they range from successes like our Civic Center and Pittsburgh's Golden Triangle to such disasters as the Pruitt Igo housing project in St. Louis (now torn down) and countless urban renewal projects. Goal Setting is relatively new, and cities such as Seattle and Dallas have used it effectively to establish agreements among citizens about both development and city services.

In theory a city's zoning reflects its Comprehensive Plan which is a statement of a city's aspirations:

"Maintain and improve the quality and diversity of San Francisco's residential communities." — Objective #1, Plan for Residence

"Give first priority to improv-

ing transit service throughout the city, providing a convenient and efficient system as a feasible alternative to automobile use." — Objective #1, Mass Transit Plan

More specific objectives and policies are included in the Plan to carry out the intent of statements such as these. It is from these broad, seemingly motherhood/apple pie statements, that specific plans can be shaped.

Now you may ask, "What good are these plans? I think Muni service is rotten." But think for a moment of a San Francisco that had adopted a policy that encouraged automobile traffic. Think what your neighborhood would be like if we had adopted a policy that encouraged replacing existing housing instead of maintaining it.

Gay people are welcome and encouraged to get involved in S.F. planning.

The Planning Commission deals with many issues, not all. And aside from zoning they are responsible for setting plans which then become the responsibility of another city agency to carry out.

THE LESBIAN AND GAY PLANNING ISSUES

Some myths die hard. One myth that affects planning is the "Flight of the Middle Class." Many people are convinced that cities are hurting because the middle class (two parents, 2.3 children, one Buick station wagon) has fled to the suburbs. The so-called flight has been, in fact, a change in the composition of the middle class. Nationally, less than one-third of all families now resemble the parents/children/Buick model. San Francisco has as large and economically healthy a middle class as it did thirty years ago. The difference is, that middle class has fewer children, more workers, and more homosexuals and minorities.

One Lesbian and Gay planning issue is recognizing that change in plans that reflects that reality rather than harkening back to an outdated and strictly heterosexual time. Today's middle class family usually has two workers, not one, and fewer children. There is a larger Asian and Hispanic population; there are more of us. For many of us that means two or three workers per household and often no children. Recognizing these facts will affect the kinds of housing we build, the capacity of our transportation system, and the arrangement of our services.

For example, if we assume one worker per household in making plans for transportation we end up with too little transportation service.

Let's take another example. Many Lesbians and Gay men live in the Castro, and we are using Muni to get to work. So it would be handy if more services (dry cleaners, dentists, shoe repair, etc.) were located near Market/Castro/18th so we could stop on our way to and from work. At the same time Castro Street is increasing the number of clothing stores, ice cream/cookie parlors, and chatchka shops. The Union Street neighborhood has developed special zoning controls to

discourage banks and restaurants that were squeezing out more mundane, but necessary services. Others have also approached the city for special studies in their neighborhoods. This year the Planning Department is issuing proposed changes to existing commercial zoning.

If you are one inclined to the large things in life, a major planning issue for the 80's is a domed stadium. The city undertook an extensive study of various financing techniques and locations for a modern stadium South of Market to replace the windy bleachers of Candlestick Park. The response has been mixed to date: Supervisor Britt and others support a new stadium because the Giants and possibly 49'ers will go elsewhere without either a new stadium or extensive (read expensive) repairs to Candlestick. Compared to most other major cities, our facilities are decidedly poorer. SPUR recently issued a report "Wrong Place, Wrong Time" that argues against a new stadium. Detractors find it too expensive and potentially disruptive.

And for those of you who like really large things, the Mission

Bay project proposed by Southern Pacific is potentially the most exciting development in any American city this decade. Here the most fundamental questions of what kind of housing and how much housing, what kinds of jobs and how many of them are the subject of discussion between city planners and the Southern Pacific Land Company. In a case like this, we as a community must begin our discussions of what we would like to see: how can the development of almost 100 acres of nearly vacant land create a San Francisco that meets our needs? For example, where are we looking for job opportunities in the future? Where will the Lesbians and Gay men who follow us find work? Can they be provided in Mission Bay? What kind of housing would we like to see there?

Planning issues in the coming decade make a long list. These are the highlights. But there are tens more of varying size and impact. In conversations with friends, these ideas have been mentioned. This is not a complete list.

1. Better transit service to the South of Market, both during the day and at night.
2. More cabs and lower prices.
3. More parking around Castro Street.
4. Provisions for Gay and Lesbian retirement homes.
5. Smaller housing units (studios and one bedroom) if it will make the housing more affordable.
6. More motorcycle parking spaces on Polk Street and 24th Street.
7. More housing and no more auto oriented uses on Divisadero Street.

There are more. The Planning Department is involved in several major plans right now. They are interested in talking to people in our community. Invite them to meetings of political clubs, community organizations, and other groups in which you participate where the plans the city makes have an effect. Call the Department of City Planning at 538-4305 or write to me c/o the B.A.R. and I'll put you in touch with the right people.

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POLITICS AND POKER



Playing Dodgeball with AB-1

WAYNE FRIDAY

The delay in bringing AB-1, the bill that would ban discrimination in hiring on the basis of sexual orientation, to a vote in the State Senate is beginning to raise some political questions.

bill passes or not. If they bring AB-1 to a vote in the Senate and for one reason or another it fails, Agnos can simply blame it on the leadership there, claiming something like, "I got it through the Assembly; it's their job to



Art Agnos aide Cleve Jones at press time was still saying he had no date for AB-1 going before the State Senate. (Photo: Rink)

AB-1, sponsored by San Francisco Assemblyman Art Agnos, passed the Assembly by a single vote last June and made it past the State Senate's Judiciary and Finance committees the latter part of last year. The bill has since seemingly been in limbo, although aides of the authoring assemblyman have been telling me since Christmas that they "have the votes" to pass in the Senate.

Cleve Jones, the well-known Gay activist who is an aide to Agnos, told me after the first of the year that he "expected" the vote to be held on January 5, assuring this writer that they had the necessary 21 votes "with one to spare and possibly two." However, on Monday of this week Jones sounded less sure they had the votes and would not put a number on the supportive Senate votes they had, saying, "I'm not saying how many votes we have," insisting that the vote on the bill will come "sometime soon."

This newspaper has received a number of inquiries in the last ten days from interested Gays both in and out of California wanting to know the status on the Agnos legislation, with most wanting to know what the reason is for the delay on the bill. Reasons are all over the place. Aides to Assemblyman Agnos have given me three different times ("probably next week") as to the actual date of the vote and it is small wonder that questions are being asked. I am sure that Art Agnos wants to make sure that he has the votes when, and if, AB-1 does come to a Senate vote. Agnos has carried this legislation for over seven years, and his staff are telling me that he is "only waiting until he has 21 absolute votes." But on the other side of the coin, these same staff people have been saying since the end of December that they "have the necessary votes."

Some Gay activists, liberal and conservative alike, are beginning to claim that Agnos is somehow playing politics with AB-1. I don't see how the guy can lose politically whether the

push it through the upper chamber." And if, as I hope to be the case, it passes the Senate, Agnos can appear before every Gay political club in the state (as I predict he will do) and claim credit for its passage.

As of press time, Cleve Jones still would not give a date for bringing the legislation to the floor of the Senate, saying only that they were going "slowly and cautiously until we're sure the bill will pass." Predictably, Jones used the age-old cliché of being "cautiously optimistic" about AB-1's chances—assuming, of course, it is ever brought to a vote. There are 40 Senate members; only 21 votes are needed for passage. Agnos' people are telling me that they have 21 votes — so why the delay?

The National School Boards Association this week named San Francisco's School Superintendent Robert F. Alioto among its top 100 USA educators. • Gay Republicans in the city buzzing in anger about the four-page letter sent to a number of Gay GOP'ers and Gay media people attacking Senator Milton Marks and urging his replacement. The letter was unsigned, but a number of the recipients are pointing the finger at an early CRIR president. • While in Washington attending the U.S. Conference of Mayors, our own Dianne Feinstein getting even more national exposure. "Dealing with Deficits" was the topic of Feinstein's speech yesterday before a packed house at the Washington Hilton where she addressed the Women's National Democratic Club. • President Reagan to break the suspense next Monday and announce his re-election plans (why do I still think he won't run again?). Meanwhile, a *Newsweek* poll released this week shows Ronnie Wonderful to be the most popular fourth-year president since Dwight Eisenhower, with the president's approval rating climbing to an impressive 56%. • Promising to make no promises other than to "tell the absolute truth about everything," perennial candidate Gus Hall was again nominated by the U.S. Communist Party last week; in a re-run of the campaign of 1980, Black activist and educator Angela Davis will be Hall's vice-presidential running mate.

Talk about police entrapment — in Albuquerque, New Mexico, last week a judge dismissed

(Continued on next page)



Mum's the word on AB-1, Art Agnos' Gay bill.



Dianne Feinstein and husband Dick Blum at inauguration. This week she vetoed Harry's pet bill, dumped Jane Murphy, and took off for Washington, DC. (Photo: Rink)

prostitution charges against two men arrested in an undercover police operation. In the probe, police offered escort service jobs in newspaper ads, and over 50 people were arrested when they agreed to perform sex for pay. Other cases are pending. • A new book entitled simply *Mayor* soon to be out by New York City Mayor Ed Koch promises to be hot. In the book the controversial bachelor mayor accuses NY Governor Cuomo of helping to plant the rumors of alleged homosexuality of Koch, saying "there can be no doubt" of Mr. Cuomo's complicity in "undercover attacks" during the 1977 mayoral campaign involving suggestions Mr. Koch was Gay. The forthcoming book also contains Koch's feeling that "most Blacks are anti-Semitic." Koch says: "The Blacks dislike the Jews because everybody would like to have a scapegoat. The Jews have been the scapegoat not only for Blacks but for the Whites as well. Many Whites don't like Jews, so why shouldn't Blacks have that pleasure?"

Charging the U.S. armed forces are on a "witch hunt" against Gays, the American Civil Liberties Union has come to the aid of two women stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, who are charged with being Lesbians. The Army has begun discharge proceedings against eight enlisted women at

the Kansas base, and two of the women have gone to the ACLU for help, with one denying she is a Lesbian. The Kansas and Western Missouri ACLU chapter says it will argue at their hearings against Defense Department policy that homosexuality is "incompatible with military service," but a Defense Department spokesperson disagreed that the armed services have stepped up discharge proceedings of Gays in recent years, and said the policy has been upheld previously in court.

The Demo convention here in July will have Kentucky Governor Martha Layne Collins as its chairperson while another woman, Rep. Geraldine Ferraro of New York, will serve as chair of the powerful platform committee. • The Los Angeles City Council voted itself a 10% pay raise recently, bringing its annual salary to \$48,424 (are you reading this, Wendy?). • Carole Migden elected Tuesday night to a second one-year term as president of the Harvey Milk Lesbian/Gay Demo Club.

Senator Pete Wilson spotted shopping with two aides on Polk Street recently. • Only Alan Cranston and Jesse Jackson have so far agreed to address the California state Democratic Convention being held in Oakland February 3 through 5. • Former Governor Jerry Brown will deliver the Dems' keynote address on Saturday, February 4, at the Oakland Convention

Center. • *The Eagle Forum*, the official mouthpiece publication put out by Phyllis Schlafly, the sweetheart of the New Right, ran a three-page spread (in lavender color) recently headlined "The ERA-GAY-AIDS Connection." Schlafly and Co. will stop at nothing to destroy the concept of the Equal Rights Amendment, and it is only to be expected that creeps like her and her Moral Majority friends would finally attempt to make a connection with ERA and the current AIDS crisis. Among other crap in the Schlafly newsletter, her readers are asked: "Would police, paramedics, dentists, health personnel, and morticians be permitted to take adequate precautions to defend themselves against AIDS and other homosexual diseases?" (Other homosexual diseases??) The Schlafly shit-sheet continues: "Could we restrict homosexuals from working in the food handling business, such as restaurants, and as flight attendants on airlines?" and continues, suggesting that the ERA is merely a Gay rights amendment for Gays who want the right to flaunt "their deviation as role models for children" and "to use public restrooms and parks to solicit sex with strangers." • Wonder what the hetero Mrs. Schlafly would have to say about the hetero State Senator from Lincoln, Nebraska, who was accused last week of sexually molesting his 7-year-old daughter (and, the senator is NOT even a supporter of the ERA). • Sounding like an ugly sexist, renowned cable TV evangelist Dr. Gene Scott telling his Sunday television audience that women are "getting too powerful" and warning his male listeners that if we "don't stick together there's gonna be one of those 'things' in the White House someday, just as sure as I'm . . ."

Columnist Bill Mandel blasting Mayor Feinstein for her veto last week of the controversial vacancy control measure. • Declaring war on Quentin Kopp, Michael Wong's San Franciscan Democratic Club put out a "fact sheet" comparing the supervisor's voting record to his campaign rhetoric.

Trying to dispel Ronald Reagan's apparent low ratings with women, the Republican Party



Ronald Reagan, poll shows he is the most popular fourth-year president since Dwight D. Eisenhower in 1953.

has adopted a new heroine, Susan B. Anthony. On her birthday, February 15, a series of fundraising events for GOP women will be held across the country and addressed supportively on closed circuit TV by Reagan himself. • And the local GOP County Committee would like you to know they are holding a \$10 spaghetti feed at California Club on Clay Street this Sunday evening at 6 p.m. to celebrate the Reagan re-election announcement expected the same night.

Death took two members of the community last week and I wanted to mention both of them: Dr. Paul Dague, former executive director of Operation Concern (memorial services for Paul tonight, Thursday, at the Pride Center Chapel at 890 Hayes St., 7:30 p.m.) and John Sales, another longtime friend of mine, died last Friday after a long ill-

ness. John had retired last year after nearly 25 years as a bartender at the Fairmont and had many, many friends, both here and in Mexico. John's remains were sent back to his hometown in Oklahoma where he will finally find rest. Like his many friends, I will miss John Sales—a fine man who will not soon be forgotten. ■

FASHION NOTE

There's so much Gucci At Ivy's thus far It might well qualify As a Leather Bar.

THANK YOU, SANTA

Each one is different Just like they say. My Cabbage Patch doll Turns out to be gay.

— Woolly



State Senator Milton Marks congratulates the president of the GDI motor-cycle club at their 10th anniversary party. (Photo: Rink)

1983: A Personal Retrospective

(Continued from page 14)

Even the Tea Room Theater on Eddy Street in the Tenderloin is currently showing Gay porn movies with Black Gay actors—even though these are decade-old "loops" that outrageously play to old sexual stereotypes about Black Gay men (and there have been extremely few movies with Black Gay actors made since then, and none to my knowledge with Asian and Latino Gay actors).

Most importantly, serious discussion has begun on the effects of AIDS on minorities, following a disclosure last October that nearly 40 percent of AIDS patients in the United States are non-White—and the percentage is probably higher worldwide, what with recent news reports on African AIDS cases.

1984 is sure to be a year in which Gay and Lesbian People of Color will figure even more prominently in the community. This year, for example, the Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Committee has a Black co-chair (Ken Jones) for the first time in its history. There will be a national Third World/People of Color Lesbian/Gay Conference on the campus of UC-Berkeley the

week before the Parade next June.

The Parade itself, which will celebrate the 15th Anniversary of the Stonewall Rebellion—and likely to be viewed by many early-arriving delegates to the Democratic National Convention—has the theme of Stonewall 15: Unity and More in '84.

It and other parades in Los Angeles, Washington, DC, New York, Atlanta, and other cities are expected to be more colorful—in more ways than one—than ever before.

Of course, anti-discrimination efforts within the community will continue—and perhaps be stepped up. The San Francisco Human Rights Commission, for example, is due to release its report on race discrimination in employment in the city's Gay bars by the end of February.

And, in this election year, more and more articles will be written on political alliances between Gay and minority communities in efforts to get their candidates elected.

These are only a few of the many developments likely to occur about Third World Gays in 1984. It should be a very interesting year. ■

D.B. Sanders

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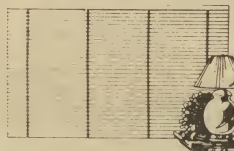
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Goodbye to a Family Friend

Veteran Gay Community Activist Succumbs to Cancer

by Jim Highland

Theodore Stuart DeLay died December 22, 1983, following a two-year struggle with cancer. He died very peacefully in the early morning hours in the comfortable midcity home he'd shared for nearly 20 years with his lover, Roger Wolfe, writer, musical arranger. That sounds rather quiet and final, the usual kind of announcement you might find in a Gay community newspaper. And perhaps with an edited final line, the item could have made the editions of the city's newspapers. It didn't though. And Gay newspapers aren't in the business of obituaries.

The fact of the matter is some several hundred of Ted's closest friends gathered Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock for a memorial Mass in his honor. That was at Immaculate Heart of Mary Catholic Church on Santa Monica Blvd., in Hollywood, within walking distance of the City College Newman Center.

That's where Dignity/Los Angeles meets and where Ted DeLay had been Vice President one year and Community Involvement Chairman for another year, and active for more than a dozen years. Fine, so let the Catholics bury him and that takes care of it. Wrong. Teddy spread his wings over the larger community and left a trail of his enthusiasm as touchstones for all of us.

Ted originated First Tuesday and kept mailing out the reminders every month for more years than you can remember. First Tuesday still brings the Los Angeles Gay community together each month so that organizations can share their plans, calendars, and support one another's efforts. He supported One, Inc. from its beginnings and the last volunteer effort he could expend. Several months ago, was when he gave his time and energy to help move them into their new quarters and get the library back on the shelves. For years he was active in Stonewall Democratic. Working in the fundraising of a "slave auction," he became a leading voice in the Mark IV Forty struggle to free the "political slaves" of the Los Angeles Police Dept. It seems only natural Teddy would become one of the original members of the Los Angeles Gay and Lesbian Police Advisory Task Force, representing Dignity. He was instrumental in getting Dignity to put up the front money to make the group's business function. Organizations don't operate on spirit and love alone.

I'm remembering too Ted's being one of the original attendees and supporting members of Catholics for Human Dignity, the state registered political lobby we started to help battle Proposition 6. And his efforts for the Gay and Lesbian Community Services Center. Seven years ago, not too long after the Center moved from the old downtown Wilshire Blvd. Victorian to "larger" headquarters on Highland in Hollywood, Ted thought we ought to



Los Angeles figure Theodore Stuart DeLay
1915 - 1983

do something about the "leaky roof." It had been a wet spring and it was pretty damp inside the GLCSC. He suggested a raffle, and he secured the donation of a KLM flight for two as the prize. Some of us thought of other places, but as a travel expert Teddy thought everyone would want a chance on tickets to the Gay Capital of Europe. And he was right. That raffle enabled us to give the GLCSC \$5,000 to re-do the roof.

These were part of his efforts to involve one group with all of the Gay community. He didn't have to do that. He could have belonged to a number of disparate groups as many of us do, and let it go at that. But Teddy was eclectic and gregarious.

Over our personal years we had many opportunities to close the acquaintanceship gap to friendship. I'd often find Teddy putting away in his garage, repairing a chair or sanding something he was going to paint. And overriding my apologies of catching him when "busy," he always insisted he needed and could do both: get his "chores" done and bounce off some ideas or questions. Once when I was wondering out loud where "we" could hold one of a series of Matlovich talks he said, "Well, what's wrong with our living room?"

He gave sound input in an uncountable number of my personal problems and anxieties. If I spoke of loneliness he said, "You've got too much time on your hands; get involved." I would complain that I didn't have any time for the several dozen groups I was already working with and he'd reply, "That's all right, but if you're lonely, you're just not doing enough!"

When one realized Teddy's wit and warmth, it was easy to understand the incredible number of people who were a part of his life. Teddy was of an age where he could "camp" with the best of his contemporaries, but he did it with class, with a wicked twinkle and with his pearly teeth showing. Those unprivileged to his strong humor always laced with gentleness would, I'm sure, frequently feel uneasy. "How'd he mean that?"

Like every person Ted DeLay had the usual background statistics. He was born May 22, 1915, in Creston, Iowa. He got his Masters at Carnegie Tech, Pittsburgh. And his PhD in Speech Therapy at Loyola University, LA. His thesis was on the work of the Armed Services Radio Network for WWII GI's. He went on to teach at Loyola and then became a full professor in Drama at Cal State Los Angeles.

For many years, before Gay liberation years, Ted produced and directed operettas at the old Carthy Circle Theatre, mid-Wilshire. Then, because of his love for travel he went to work for Thomas Cook for 17 years. He managed Cook agencies in

Pasadena, in San Diego, and finally the wholesale travel division out of the Beverly Hills office. They presented him with numerous awards and service citations.

He'd joined Dignity the "third Saturday of February in 1972" he once told me, "and it helped me live my life. And if I ever retire I'm going to re-do the house, travel, and just putter."

Three years ago Ted retired from Thomas Cook. And he went around the world for the third time. When he returned, half a year later, he checked into Kaiser and had the first of his cancer surgery. He was optimistic he was going to lick it. And started rebuilding the home he'd shared for so long. He re-did the major plumbing, added a bathroom, finished out guest bedrooms of what had been an attic, and extended the living room, complete with a domed chandelier over Roger's Baby Grand. For years I'd "complained" about how awful the bath looked. He wouldn't let me see it until it was totally finished. Then, with that well-trained, modulated voice announced to everyone at the annual Christmas Party for their friends "and all those who don't have any family to be with," he said, "This is the unveiling, I want to show you Jim Highland's bathroom!" And it was completed down to my every suggestion, blues and grey tones with indirect lighting and a mirrored wall. I was very flattered. "Where's my nameplate?" I asked. Ted chuckled, "Don't tempt me." And, again, I had the strangest feeling of deja vu. I kept seeing him as when Dorothy discovered Frank Morgan, behind the curtain, in Oz, where no one else could realize he was the man at the end of the yellow brick road. So strong was his physical resemblance to the film character.

When plans began for Dignity's XVth Anniversary banquet Teddy and Roger's check was the first for the seed money for the Hilton's required deposit. His last proud active participation was the afternoon I dropped off his absentee ballot for the October '83 election. He'd just returned from his second last spell in the hospital. "Having a little trouble getting around," he said with some irritation, "but I'm so glad I'm not going to be left out."

After that his weakened body left him paralyzed again, and I only got to visit by phone. Even then, probing for what's going on, he chuckled through a half hour of my version of the organization's current happenings. Finally, with a sigh and the smile I could see in my mind's eye, he patted me on the back with, "My, you are full of news, aren't you? It's like I've been right there. Don't ever stop."

Ted DeLay shared a life openly Gay with everyone — friends Gay and straight, and in employment, with organizations. He died with only one cousin living elsewhere in the state. And he had an extended family like few people could equal.

Thinking back to that last conversation, now weeks past, I reflect, "I got the message, Teddy."

given to the Norman campaign committee.

"We look forward to seeing Pat's supporters on the 26th," says committee co-chair Paul Thurston. "It's a good chance to visit with our choice for supervisor in 1984, and to have a great meal in a fun environment at the same time."

Surprise celebrity bartenders will serve drinks from 7 to 9 p.m.

For more information, contact Kate Ullman at 864-8781.

Norman Fundraiser at Macante's

Macante's is hosting a Lasagna Dinner to raise funds for "Friends of Pat Norman for Supervisor."

The fundraiser is from 7-9 p.m. Thursday, January 26, at Macante's bar, 17th & Capp Streets. A \$2.50 door donation is requested. All dinner proceeds and net bar proceeds will be

GREATER BAY NEWS

AN JOSE SANTA CLARA CUPERTINO SUNNYVALE REDWOOD CITY PALO ALTO MONTEREY PLEASANT HILL VALLEJO BERKELEY WALNUT CREEK CAMPBELL FREMONT

OAKLAND

Chenille con Carne

TOPPER GLADIATORSHIP (A Fibbing Nose?)

Attention all liar's dice fanatics! The Spoiled Brat is sponsoring a George Washington I Cannot Tell a Lie Dice Tournament with a first prize of \$500! There is no entry fee, but all entries must be submitted to the Brat no later than Sunday, February 5. Preliminaries will be held February 13 through the 17, at 8 PM. The grand finals will be held at the Brat on Monday, February 20, 8 PM. Egads! \$500!

PISCINE BALNEUM (A Steamed Nose?)

Manager Silas was kind enough to give me a "grand tour" of the Club Baths in OAKLAND! From what he pointed out, there are (and will be) a lot of changes from the previous place. There is a new, enlarged movie room, a glory hole hallway, a new locker area, and everything is cleaned up spic and span! There is no membership required, and the introductory rates are \$5 for a room, \$3 for a locker on weekdays; \$6 for a room, \$4 for a locker on weekends. They will soon be

honoring military passes and valid student ID cards with discounts. Silas tells me that from 4 PM to midnight are buddy hours, with two admitted for the price of one (either rooms or lockers), but both buddy and buddette must arrive together. As yet, nothing has been done to the patio/pool area but plans call for solar heating, awnings, and private jacuzzi. The new "bunk room" was dark and intriguing, but somehow my tattered chenille robe just didn't fit into the scene! I was impressed by the cleanliness of the place, and the friendly attitudes of the personnel should make this a great place to visit. Hmmmmm? Of course, I didn't indulge! Everyone turned me down! Apologies are extended to all who were misled by the wrong city on posters. They were printed in Los Angeles from a match book of the previous establishment. Guess what! They used San Leandro as their address, too! Corrections are now being made.

FIERY LARGESS! (A Cumin Nose?)

Revol's 4th Annual Chili Cook-Off was a rousing success

because of all the entrants and the eight judges (Fred, Lake Lounge; Cole, Lancers; John, Bench & Bar; Peter, White Horse; Ollie, Ollie's; Lou Greene; and last year's winner, Robert Clarke. Hey, that's only seven . . . oh yea, the other judge was Sam from Town & Country!) What with the entry fees, donation jar, and chili sales, over \$300 will go directly to the Alameda County Special Olympics. There should have been more, but far too many eaters neglected to pay additional bucks-a-bowl on their refills! Once again there was a tie breaker, and all the judges had to re-evaluate the selection for 3rd place. Grand prize winner was Steve Craig; second place went to Jim H. from Fremont, and third place went to Cakes! Many thanks to him for donating back his winnings; along with thanks to Zephyr Jim and Frumpy for their generous contributions. Daddy David's "Chilimania" was fun, and added greatly to the festive atmosphere.

(Continued on next page)

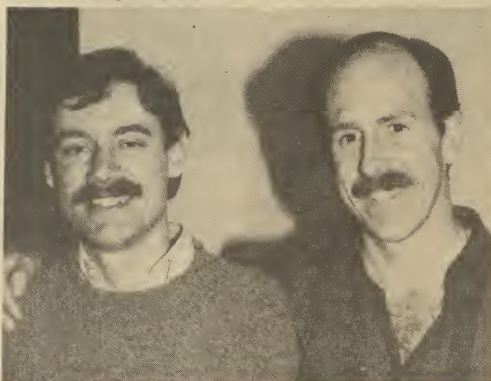
Lesbians of Color

The Lesbians of Color group is holding an open meeting to develop a Statement of Purpose and to discuss future activities. The group will be meeting in the East Bay. For exact location and time of the February 5 meeting, call Gloria or Alicia at 548-8283. For Lesbians of Color only.

were the only Democratic Club to do so.

It was announced that both Tom Ammiano and Marga Gomez will be Mc's for the Victory Dance and Celebration to be held on Saturday, January 28th, at Pauley Ballroom on the UC Campus. The dance will be a benefit for the UC Lesbian/Gay Intercampus Network, the group that worked for a non-discrimination policy to be adopted at the University of California.

The next meeting of the EBL/GDC will be Sunday, February 12, 7 PM, 1125 University Ave., West Branch Berkeley Library. Representatives of Presidential candidates will speak and answer questions; and the Club will vote on a Presidential endorsement. The meeting is free and wheelchair accessible. All are invited to attend. For further information call 849-3983.



Jim Chambers (L) and Lupin Loughborough, EBL/GDC members, addressed that club as representatives of the East Bay AIDS Resource Organization. (Photo: M. Brownstein)

East Bay Demo Club

Police, Gay Rights and AIDS

Police Chief Ronald Nelson of Berkeley and Alameda County Democratic Party Chair Mary King addressed the January meeting of the East Bay Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club. Club members questioned him at length on his and the department's policy toward treatment of Gay and Lesbian police officers. He stated that he was very much opposed to discrimination of any sort. Club members brought specific matters of concern to his attention, dealing with possible harassment of Gay and Lesbian officers by co-workers, possible harassment of Gays at Aquatic Park, and the way the press was brought into a certain case late in 1982 (before Chief Nelson was in Berkeley). Generally, however, the Club expressed its overall approval of the way the Berkeley police have dealt with the Lesbian/Gay community.

Mary King praised the Club for its recent lobbying success in obtaining an Oakland Gay Rights Ordinance. She advised members on how to volunteer for the Democratic mini-convention, to be held the first weekend in February at the Oakland Hyatt. The EBL/GDC will have forms available for anyone wishing to volunteer to work at the Democratic National Convention, in July, in a prominent West Bay city. The EBL/GDC voted to set up a "hospitality suite" for the Lesbian/Gay Caucus of the Democratic Party, at the Oakland mini-convention, on Saturday, February 4 from 1-3 PM, at the Bench & Bar.

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SUNDAY

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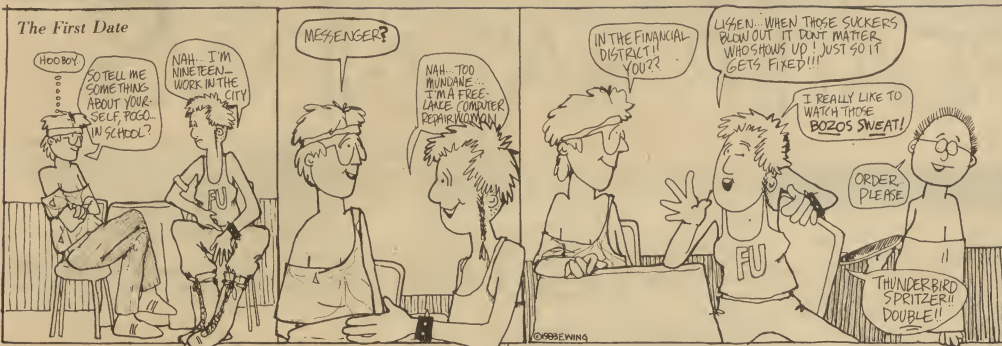
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Slightly Older in San Jose

Slightly Older Lesbians (SOL), a social and discussion group for women over thirty, holds Tuesday night drop-in rap meetings at the Billy DeFrank Community Center at 7 P.M. On January 31 the group will discuss "Menopause—Physical and Psychological Impacts." ■



ERA=AIDS? Phyllis Schlafly.

ings when Senator McCarthy was asked finally, "You have done enough. Have you no sense of decency, sir?"

The San Jose Mercury News which ran Goodman's condemnation of Schlafly last week, reaches an estimated daily readership of 600,000 throughout the conservative Santa Clara and southern Alameda county areas.

Be patient, one HAS to gel! There are those in the wings just waiting to try their hand and just possibly make a success of it. Things are looking up!

Birthington's Washday Party will be at Revol on Sunday, February 19, thanks to Dean S. Featured will be "Go For Broke," and a special hat give away!

If you want to reach my mind, you'll have to find out where it is currently located! It's smiling, however! Love,

Nez

NEZ

(Continued from previous page)

NEZ NOTES

Next ACIE meeting will be at Revol, Monday, February 13, 7:30. If you have a bitch, bring it!

Yes, two bars will not have their leases renewed (as previously mentioned in this column) and Fred and John want everyone to know that it is NOT the Lake Lounge or Bench & Bar! Never said that it was! Think closer to 14th Street, hons! (One never reopened after the fire!)

Put Them All Together They Spell HHHHHHHH



The Hayward Raw-Rahs present Kick-Off Rally '84, with entertainment by The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence, the 69er Squad, The Hayward Cockettes and other special guests. The evening's highpoint will be the debut of the 1984 Hayward Raw-Rahs. Other features include free Buffet, Door Prizes, Raffle, No Host Bar, Live DJ, and the largest dance floor in the East Bay. Raw-Rah buttons will be on sale. It's from 6-11 PM on Sunday, January 29 at The Roller Garden, 15721 E. 14th St., San Leandro, 1 block from Bayfair Bart Station. You must be 18 or over and have a valid California ID to drink alcoholic beverages.

Part of the \$2 admission will benefit the Hayward Raw-Rahs for their bus to Los Angeles for a benefit Basketball Game between the Los Angeles Gay Men's Olympic Team and the San Francisco Gay Men's Olympic Team. Included on the bus will be the Basketball Team, The San Francisco Gay/Lesbian Freedom Day Marching Band, The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence, 69er Squad and the Hayward Raw-Rahs.

Seen above (top to bottom, l. to r.) are Donnie, John, Michael, Captain Guy Andrade, Barry, Steve, Greg and Joe. Norman and Kevin aren't there. ■

Oakland

Discrimination Bill Revised

by John Wetzel

The Oakland Board of Education last Wednesday revamped the anti-discrimination policy of the Oakland Unified School District almost entirely. The new version of policy 2100 recognizes, among other groups, US Veterans, and Gays and Lesbians. According to issuing board member Elizabeth Laurenson, the provision regulates school board policy from top to bottom. Also included in the overhaul amendment were removal of the word "color" from the "race and color" classification and removal of the distinctions "mental" and "physical" from the handicapped classification.

"It's essential that everyone is treated fairly in all aspects of the school district," said Laurenson.

The move was seen overall as a positive change. The board passed it 4-0, barely the majority needed. Laurenson said two

members were not present, one of whom would have voted for the amendment, and she said one member who was present, James Norwood, passed on the vote.

Laurenson's District 1 spans North Oakland. "It's near the university, it's mostly liberal, and mostly voting," she said. "There are only two ethnic groups, black and white; there are very rich people up in the hills and very poor people as you move down toward the bay. We have the extremes."

"I'm proud that Oakland is the most integrated city in the nation," said Laurenson. "Living in Oakland gives us the real opportunity to involve all the different ethnic groups so they can get to know each other, and to learn together."

"The public schools are perhaps the most unifying institutions in the city," she said. "It is important that we treat them right." ■

San Jose

Enough, Phyllis, Enough

by John Wetzel

Media mother and wife, Phyllis Schlafly caught angry criticism last week in the south bay press. Her Eagle Forum had released another inflated publicity brochure. This latest salvo against the hated Equal Rights Amendment revived a theme very familiar to Gays and Lesbians: AIDS is on the loose and could threaten American families.

It's not clear exactly how the Alton, Illinois based group arrived at AIDS as the conclusive deterrent to passage of ERA, but nationally syndicated columnist Ellen Goodman, was inflamed at the tactics used in the pamphlet. She blasted Schlafly for using "human tragedy" for political manipulation, and stopped just a hair short of calling Schlafly a hate monger.

Apparently the Schlafly pamphlet donned a lavender heading: "The ERA-GAY-AIDS



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BAY AREA REPORTER ENTERTAINMENT

BOOK RACK

Books Gay and Distressed: Of Max and Murder

Take It to the Max

The Family of Max Desir
by Robert Ferro
Dutton; \$13.95, hardbound

by Paul Reed

If this novel is but a glimpse of its author's literary powers, then we are witnessing the beginning of the development of a national treasure. For Robert Ferro's novel *The Family of Max Desir* is much, much more than a "family novel" or a "Gay novel."

It is that rare work: a truly American novel. The story — of Max Desir's family, their move from the Old World to the New, the growth of the family, and finally, the death of Max's mother — is almost haunting as it captures, in flawless prose style, the essence of the American experience: families torn by independence and fate, yet bound by a passionate forward motion.

The strongest plot line — and there are several — involves Max's caring for his mother as she progresses toward death, afflicted by cancer. Max is her Gay son, and also her favorite child. Several tender passages capture that vague and essential quality shared by Gay men and women — an almost imperceptible *extra* quotient of compassion for the suffering of others, in this case, the dying mother.

The book is only secondarily a Gay novel. I am not really certain what constitutes a "Gay novel" as opposed to any other kind of novel, but if this book is so categorized, then I should have to conclude that the Gay novel has come (or is finally coming) to age. There is no homophobic apologist here in the character of Max; he is but a young man watching his mother die, watching his youth fade and betray him.

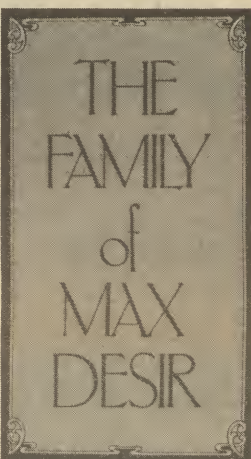
He doesn't come to any particular out-of-the-closet realizations, no liberations or fights for personal identity. Max Desir is simply a man, who is very incidentally Gay, who is part of a family being pulled about by the passions of love, ambition, marriage, history.

There is a sub-plot which focuses on his father's struggle to accept Max's lover as a member of the family, but the author has crafted it so well that it brings home a powerful message while at the same time not becoming a tract for Gay liberation. It is perhaps the most accurate portrayal of the sort of struggle most American families have with the fact of a Gay child — it exists, it happens, it is dealt with. It can cause serious rifts — as it does in the novel — but somehow life goes on, ruled by stronger realities that almost obscure the Gay issue at times: death, love, blood ties, hope.

Ferro's prose style is light, poetic, musical. I had thought I would have to wait until Edmund White's next novel to enjoy such a magnificent prose style, but Ferro has achieved nearly the same brilliance and captivation of style that is the hallmark of White's writing. It is doubtless no coincidence that the two writers share the same publisher; Dutton is wise to have them on their lists.

From the opening sentences, the reader is mesmerized and drawn into the novel:

Then came a long gentle curve in the highway, like the bottom



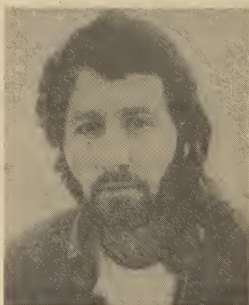
of an arabic letter. On the outside of the curve lay a flat sloping field and the remnants of an orchard. It was a hot day at the end of August, 1977. . . .

There is a gift here for simple, yet poetic description; an ability to turn a phrase gently — almost cautiously — yet in a rhythmic manner that pulls the reader forward:

The night was very warm. The two-second light from the light-house took endless pictures in the negative — the ghostly beach, the matte sea, all dimensions lost — then a comparative blackness would return with the muffled sound of the waves. The house was dark except for the dim light in his mother's room. He thought that none of the impression of their hope, nor their well-meant explanations, could have any effect on this extreme lack of order.

The novel contains two rather unusual aspects. Somewhere towards the middle of the book, Max seems to be subject to auditory hallucinations. While in the bath he "hears" a communication from outer space. Nothing much is made of this sequence; it constitutes its own chapter.

The other aspect is a sort of dreamy sub-plot, a continuing imagination of Max wandering god-like through the Amazon jungle. Together with the communications from outer space, the novel contains a rich and varied parallel life. These elements are nicely anti-novelistic, certainly anarchic. They are far too intentional to



Author Robert Ferro

be excused as the result of "poor editing."

No, most certainly the book is not poorly edited. These unusual and exotic passages serve a high purpose: they provide for the reader something rare in novels these days, a glimpse into the deepest workings of one's inner life, those far-away corners of oneself that are so vaguely glimpsed as to be but slight shadows hovering round the edges of thoughts, dreams, imaginings.

They define, in part, Max's spiritual life, which is very strong, though subtly drawn. In the course of the story, another sub-plot involves Max's casual love affair with a young man rather oddly devoted to voodoo. All of this demonstrates the indefinite spiritual (subconscious?) life that all humans enjoy or endure, as the case may be.

The result, then, of the totality of *The Family of Max Desir* is a finely drawn, rare work. One hesitates to use the word masterpiece, but without reserve the appellation "classic" is fitting as both a description and tribute.

Inside Entertainment

Life and Death are Subjects for Gay Theatre p. 22

★ ★ ★

ACT's Ongoing Ibsen Series Delivers Rare, but Damaged, Goods p. 23

★ ★ ★

Gay Games '86 Debut on Sports Page p. 28

★ ★ ★

Leather Knights Flock to Football p. 29

★ ★ ★

Ronnette's Porn Dyspepsia Dispelled by Two Features at Savages p. 31

★ ★ ★

The King of Castle Drive

Fatal Vision
by Joe McGinniss
Putnam's Sons; \$17.95, hardbound

by Ron Bluestein

Something horrible and unnatural happened during the first three hours of February 17, 1970, at Fort Bragg, Fayetteville, North Carolina, in a married officers' housing area called Corregidor Courts. The Military Police who responded to the hushed male voice calling from 344 Castle Drive at 3:42 AM that rainy morning arrived to discover what a former chief of psychiatry from Walter Reed Army Hospital later described in court as a "bombardment." "Frankly," he said, "it was rather disturbing to me, having six children of my own . . . I did not sleep that night."

What disturbed the doctor so was a vision of chaos and dementia and murder unthinkable. Five year old Kimberly MacDonald was in her bed, tucked in her covers. From a large wound on her cheek, bone protruded. There were holes in her neck where she'd been stabbed with an icepick. Across the hall her two year old sister Kristen lay in bed with her empty bottle and stuffed dog. Beneath her bed was a pool of blood. Her pajamas and sheets and mattress were soaked with it. It was blood from many stab wounds in her back and chest. In the master bedroom was another battered, bloody corpse, twenty-six year old Colette MacDonald, a four month old male fetus dead within her. There were 21 icepick wounds in her chest. While defending herself, both her arms had been broken. Her skull was shattered. In bloody letters eight inches high, "PIG" was written on the headboard of the double bed.

Next to Colette was the sole survivor of the massacre, the father and husband at 344 Castle Drive, Jeffrey MacDonald. Except for one icepick wound which punctured his lung, his injuries were superficial. In three hours the apparent American dream-life of Jeffrey MacDonald — educated at Princeton, an exemplary doctor and Green Beret, the Most Popular, the Most Likely to Succeed — had been beaten and icepicked out of existence. Or so it seemed at 4 AM to the MP's on Castle Drive. What exactly happened in those disturbed three hours engaged courts of law and legal minds for 12 years, 10 months, and 24 days — that is, until January 10, 1983 — and is the subject of Joe McGinniss' new book, *Fatal Vision*.

I went through *Fatal Vision's* 663 pages in two days. When I read it at night I found myself jumping at phone calls and unexpected noises and had to read with soft music in the background. For two days the first three hours of February 17 in North Carolina became more real and more important than my own life. Those hours for McGinniss are a complex crystal at the center of the MacDonalds' story through which the several versions of the event — MacDonald's, the investigators', the lawyers', the witnesses' who appeared in court, and McGinniss' — are refracted and distorted. By examining and re-examining those hours, peeling away layer after layer of evidence and Jeffrey MacDonald, McGinniss attempts to patch together a picture of what really happened. He forced the reader to flesh out horrible concepts with fancy names like infanticide and uxoricide and horrible concepts with common names like murder and madness.

He offers the reader the possibility that the pool of blood beneath Kristen's bed got there because MacDonald lifted his daughter in her sleep, placed her over his knee, and methodically stabbed her to death.

He advises the reader to weigh against MacDonald's story of one woman and three male "hippies" who moseyed and murdered their way around his house the fact that there was no evidence at all — not a fingerprint or a strand of hair — of any alien person in the MacDonald home.

Despite MacDonald's testimony that he had been attacked first in the living room, none of his blood was found there or in any of the bedrooms. His blood was found in the bathroom sink, which suggested to the prosecution that this was where MacDonald stabbed himself.

Though the sound of normal speech could be heard between apartments, the MacDonalds' neighbors heard no break-in, no shouting, no fight. The woman upstairs did hear Colette's voice, which "sounded mad enough to kill." She was screaming, "What do you think I am going to be standing here doing while you are doing all of this? Do you think I am going to be standing here doing nothing? If you touch one hair of those children's heads or my head, I'll kill you."

The only other sound that the neighbors could report was the sound of Jeffrey MacDonald either laughing or sobbing hysterically.

I thought *Fatal Vision* might be an important book for the consideration of Gay readers when I saw Jonah Raskin's review which stated that "by delving into the very personal and private life of Dr. MacDonald, McGinniss offers a vision of ourselves, our friends and neighbors that is far more penetrating than anything yet provided by the latest spate of sociological books on the American family and the 'troubled American male.'" If Raskin's claim is correct, if Jeffrey and Colette MacDonald were a typi-

(Continued on page 27)

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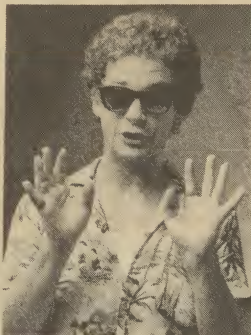
Sensitive characterization illuminates rich, compressed writing in two works currently onstage at Studio Rhino. Produced by an artists' collective called Camerados, *Nothing But Heartache* and *Smiling Travelers*, Gorgeous Lies were both written by Frank Hoffman and directed by Nicholas Deutsch. John Finch is the sole actor. Percussionist Richard Dworkin supports Finch in his powerful evocation of character, situation, and emotion.

The first of the three interconnected monologues comprising *Heartache* depicts the anguish and humiliation of drug addiction. Actor Finch digs beneath the horrific surface of the words to reveal a character who needs love even more than a fix.

In the second monologue, Finch adopts the persona of a woman who tells a tale of poverty brightened by friendship with an empathetic social worker. Using body and voice to flesh out playwright Hoffman's deftly sketched character, Finch enables us to experience the birth and death of friendship in an emotionally empty life. Though gender identification is part of his portrayal, Finch resists the

temptation to camp it up. His expression of human need for love and caring is gripping in its unsentimental honesty.

In the third monologue, Finch plays a drug dealer who tells of a confrontation with rich Texans. They make Finch an offer he can't refuse. With the help of a Gay cab driver ("The kind that don't mind bein' a fag, know what I mean?"), the dealer turns San Francisco upside down in a hair-raising search for



Hype Springs Eternal From This Human Breast. A Hollywood hypester is just one of the gallery of characters portrayed by John Finch at Studio Rhino.

cocaine. Finch captures the gritty humor of a game in which all the players get exactly what they deserve.

Smiling Travelers, Gorgeous Lies is a richly varied collection of poems and vignettes. Grief and regret over the death of a brother contrast with the unnerving humor of a crazy cafe patron who keeps repeating, "I want everyone to know they gave me an egg-cream with a fly in it." There's also a narcissistic Hollywood type in sunglasses and Hawaiian shirt who tells us, "No, sir, I'm not slinging hash anymore — not unless the cameras are rolling." Some of the heavy metaphorical love poetry speeds by a little too quickly to make all its points, though "In deep dark wine we sank" spreads a warm blanket of eroticism.

A Gay sensibility, apparent throughout *Smiling Travelers*, is most refreshing in a sketch depicting the last Gay man on Earth. His resolution to be true to his Gay spirit is an affirmation of personal identity at the darkest possible moment.

Audiences jaded by loud music and visual razzledazzle may not find much value in *Heartaches* and *Travelers*. Audiences willing to surrender to potent writing, acting, and music will find their goosebumps raised by truths both Gay and universal.

Nothing But Heartache and Smiling Travelers
Studio Rhino
Through January 29; 861-5079

Shadows As We Pass, Alas

Life at Death's Door Comforts the Living

by Bernard Spunberg

Why go see a play about dying? It's depressing, right? Wrong. Michael Cristofer's *The Shadow Box*, currently produced by the Bedini Theatre Project, won a Pulitzer Prize and the 1977 Tony for Best Drama. The reasons why are obvious. *The Shadow Box* is a play brimming with humor, truth, and love.

Three hospital-run cottages house three terminal cancer patients and their loved ones. There's an average, working class guy accompanied by his hysterical wife and bouncy teenage son. There's a wreck of a woman tended by a devoted daughter. And there's a Gay couple.

Lawrence Bedini directs the production and also plays the Gay man soon to die. Most philosophical and self-aware of all the characters, he continually speaks about the nature of time. "There's not enough." "My life lasted only a moment." "My work remains incomplete."

In his monologues directed at an unseen psycho-therapist, his dialogue, and his approach to the production as director, Bedini demonstrates a quality best described as musical. His sensitive, spontaneous gradations of pitch, volume, and rhythm breathe life into the repetitive, rondo-like structure of the play. The flow of ideas sweeps the audience along.

Tim Burkhard and Merrily Hoopes play Bedini's ex-hustler lover and divorced wife. When Hoopes comes calling, she and Burkhard have a teeny personality clash. Burkhard and Hoopes are sensitive not only to their own characters, but to the meaning of their clash. Their ensemble-within-an-ensemble draws distinctions between selfish and unselfish love, mere tolerance, and positive affirmation

of life.

Michael March portrays the working class patient visited by his wife and son, played by Cate Martin and Michael Huckins. March's acceptance of his imminent death is complicated by Martin's hysterical denial. The gigantic ham she brings from home is big enough to last longer than her husband; the ham is an

tage. Wrapped in blankets, confined to a wheelchair, Sullivan is reduced to a pathetic remnant of a human being. She gasps and gurgles irritably, but she clings to life in hopes of seeing her beloved younger daughter once more. Teliha doggedly endures her mother's abuse. She learns too late the error of shielding her mother from her other daughter's death. Sullivan's portrait of life at death's door is horrific, and Teliha's physical and emotional exhaustion borders on collapse. But we can't look away.

And so it is with Bedini Theatre Project's delicately bal-

"The play is not about death — it thunders with life."

— a review of the Broadway production

hilarious symbol for Martin's love for March as well as her rejection of his death sentence. March's serenity works overtime to soothe Martin's emotionalism. Their ensemble underscores the comforting the healthy sometimes require of the dying — and the strength the dying derive from comforting the healthy.

Joanne Sullivan and Karen Lee Teliha occupy the third cot-

anced, musical production of *The Shadow Box*; we drink in every word because it's about an experience shared by all but known by none of us.

One word of caution: See it with someone you can hug real hard.

The Shadow Box
Bedini Theatre Project
347 Dolores at 16th
Through February 5; 221-0070



A Delicate Balance. Partying in the presence of death causes a clash when a terminally ill patient (Lawrence Bedini, L.) is visited by his ex-wife (Merrily Hoopes) and ex-hustler lover (Tim Burkhard) in *The Shadow Box*. (Photo: A. Nomura)

STAGE

Buried Treasure Not Fully Excavated

ACT's Borkman is an Overweight Evening. Who's to Blame . . . If Anyone . . . ?



What They Did For Love. John Gabriel Borkman (William Paterson, r.) leads a lonely life after renouncing love for power. Anne Lawder (l.) is his jilted love, Ella; Marrian Walters is her sister, the woman Borkman married, creating a poisonous triangle.

by Paul-Francis Hartmann

I have never seen nor heard of a production of this play. And I doubt anyone venturing into this review has either. Hence comparisons are futile.

This next to last work (1896) of the father of modern drama, Henrik Ibsen, is what Falstaff was to Verdi, Lear to Shakespeare. The four-act play (in the original) is bigger than life, and certainly bigger than most theater companies would dare. If not a masterpiece, it is a master work.

And rising to the bait, ACT top talents went after John Gabriel Borkman in a masterful fashion. They almost succeeded and what went wrong dimmed an otherwise major evening at the theater.

The very play itself was too much for some of the audience and opening night after the intermission empty seats were telling.

Borkman is a dark, angry drama. Much of the dialogue is scathing, cruel, and sardonic. At other points later in the play, particularly in scenes between Borkman and his jilted love — now his terminally ill sister-in-law, Ella — the language soars to romantic lyricism. Borkman was a prominent banker who was convicted of embezzling funds and losing the money of his depositors. He goes to prison, his wife subsists on humiliation, hate, and vengeance. The family is disgraced, and the mother's only hope is a

The heaviness heavies and heavies, and at one later point in ACT's production, it snaps. Audience members began to laugh at words and actions that were not intended to be comical. For me the final scene (which would have been the fourth act) was gratuitous. It was lyricism out of contemporary taste, a mountain top catharsis in a blinding snow storm. It looked like a snippet out of a 1915 Mary Pickford silent film.

One friend said the problem lay at the hand of the director. That may well be true, yet to me it is the play's plot that yawns. While of great concern to nineteenth century audiences, it means next to nothing today. Borkman's modern counterpart is a De Lorean, but today bankruptcy, industrial fraud, lost reputation stir us to little more than amused observation. We know no such thing as disgrace in 1984, and lives ruined over it seems implausible. Hence when audiences should be wringing their handkerchiefs, folks at the Geary last week were tittering. And I take this opening night crowd as a sophisticated theater lot.

I am of the school that while it's admirable to play out the original script (and this includes Shakespeare) I'd rather see a play work — if doctoring it makes it plausible or palatable for a contemporary audience. To some this is sacrilege. To others it's an accepted theater tradition.

Regardless, Ibsen is a major figure. Borkman is major figure, and the ACT ensemble does him justice and gives us a buried treasure. Perhaps they gave us too much, but that's art in action.

John Gabriel Borkman
ACT
Through March 3; 673-6440

son, raised partly by her sister (Borkman's first romantic choice) who has supported the family since the scandal broke. The son in turn only wants his freedom and runs off with a wealthy divorcee. Bitter pill follows hard upon bitter pill and there is little relief in sight.



The Way of the World. Barbara Dirickson's subtle, glamorous portrayal of the worldly Fanny Wilton makes a sharp contrast to the self-inflicted living death endured by the lead characters in John Gabriel Borkman. She seduces the audience just as her character seduces Borkman's son (Nicholas Kaledin).

Cabaret Dates

Mainstream clubs offer brand name riches. Bobby Short plays the Venetian Room, January 31-February 12; 772-5000. The Great American Music Hall presents Dan Hicks on Friday 27 and Carmen McRae on Saturday 28; 885-0750.

Our own Gay clubs are jumping, some with double bookings per evening.

Fanny's The Dots Sisters, January 29, 5 & 6:30 PM, \$4. Kevin Ross, Wednesdays at 8 and 10 PM, \$5. Gomez and Palacios, comedy, Sunday

29 at 6 and 7:30 PM, \$2. Ralph, Monday 30 at 8:30 and 10 PM, \$3 and Teed Rockwell, Tuesday 31, 5:30 and 7 PM, free. 621-5570.

Valencia Rose. Tom Ammann and Ruby Rodriguez, Friday 27 at 10 PM, \$4. Terry Garthwaite and Avoteja, Sunday 29, 8 PM, \$5. The play *Balm in Gilead* finishes its run with performances January 27 and 28 at midnight, \$5. 863-3863.

132 Bush. Samantha "Sam" Samuels, Tuesday 31 through Thursday, February 2, 6 to 8 PM. 362-4484.

Buckley's Bistro. Weslia Whitfield, continuing each Friday and Saturday, 9:30 and 11 PM, 532-8177.

The Plush Room. Amy Dondy debuts Friday, February 3, 10:30 PM, \$4. 885-6800.

"Gay Life" Human Rights

"The Gay Life" on KSAN, 95 FM, continues its coverage of the San Francisco Human Rights Commission hearings on employment discrimination in Gay businesses, Sunday, January 29, 6 AM.

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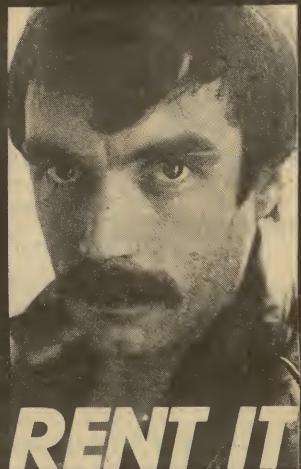
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Pressing On

"Where is all the press?" lamented the distraught model to press agent Jim McMillan. The year was 1958 and Jim was one of the many publicity people coordinating the world premiere of *Vertigo*. He took a moment off from his current job as General Production Manager for the 1984 Cable Car Awards & Show to reminisce about the opening of the Hitchcock classic.

Press from all over the world gathered for the film's opening in San Francisco and headquartered at the Clift Hotel. *Vertigo* star Kim Novak was also in town. The local movie beat was bigger then, with a press corps which included such names as Paine Knickerbocker and Bill Hogan at the *Chronicle*, Hortense Morton at the *Examiner*, and Emilio Hodel with the *S.F. News*. The movie writers at the *San Francisco Call-Bulletin* were Fred Johnson and Paul Speegle. McMillan was then publicity director at the majestic Paramount Theatre on Market Street.

The big publicity stunt for the opening of the movie called for a blonde Kim Novak double to be posed at the many San Francisco locations used in the film. Her instructions were to go to Fort Point, to the graveyard at Mission Dolores, over to Muir Woods in Marin County,



Kim to Car. Jim McMillan didn't lose his balance handling publicity for *Vertigo* and has a similar grasp on the Cable Car Awards & Show.

Podesta Baldocchi Florists on Grant, and other locations. Another location for her impersonation was the Empire Hotel, now known as the Hotel York. She was to be seen by the press, and fool them, by appearing at a distance, getting in and out of her limousine, waving to the press from a seductive remove at each landmark.

On the appointed day, the model began her rounds to the various sites. She was rather mystified to find that the press, which might discover her and make her a star, were nowhere to be seen. She made a distressed call to Jim McMillan.

The disappearing press is a

grand Hollywood story. The real Kim Novak was wrapped up in a torrid love affair with a member of the Juan Batista family in Cuba, and sometime in the middle of the night checked out of her Clift Hotel suite and went to her lover. Someone gabbled to the press in the wee hours; they followed on the hot heels of scandal, and by sunrise there was no Kim Novak and no press. It fell to Jim McMillan to make sense of the whole affair and placate the forlorn starlet who had hoped to get her big break being "Kim Novak" at the windy locales the real Novak didn't care to brave. Poor girl — there she was, blonde, expressionless, and glamorous as she could be, with no one to pop so much as a single flashbulb her way. Career over before it was begun.

The movie began its career as scheduled with a press preview at the Stage Door Theatre, now the Regency III. It later opened at the Paramount Theatre, which had its career ended in the early Sixties when it was leveled by bulldozers.

Jim McMillan, who has a diversity of theatrical skills, continues his career with his work on the 10th annual Cable Car Awards & Show. On February 4 his new staging approach will serve to showcase the presentation. Kim Novak will not be there.

Allen White

TALES OF TESSI TURA

The Right Stuff

GEORGE HEYMONT

I often suspect opera is a far more intense experience for Gay men when they first start to savor the joys of the art form. There seems to be a three-year high which, working like a time-release jar of poppers, carries the operatic initiate through intensely felt rushes of ecstasy and onward to frenzied flights of musical fantasy. Alas, by sheer force of statistics, the more one sees, the fewer great performances one can expect to experience. Thus, on those rare evenings when, midway through the first act, one realizes that the performance is going to be a knockout, the event becomes sheer magic — much like getting a superb fuck from Prince Charming. From the moment the conductor lifts his big throbbing baton until the artists are drowned in the thunderous release of applause, the music and drama come together with startling strength; firing the audience's lust with their potent powers. Two such performances made my December travels worth the effort and I think you'll want to know about them.

CUPPING HIS LIFE IN MY HANDS

It wasn't until December 15th that I finally had one of those sublime operatic experiences with Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*. My first exposure to this five-hour endurance test took place many years ago with a creaky old Met production starring (and I use that word with caution) Ludmila Dvorakova and Pekka Nuotio. At the end of each act one third of the audience fled the theatre.

A second, well-intentioned (if sorely miscalculated) attempt to savor the delights of *Tristan und Isolde* occurred here in San Francisco. At the time I was deeply into Wagner's music and laboring under the idiotic misassumption that hearing Birgit Nilsson sing *Isolde* would help to ease the pain of having had my wisdom teeth removed the day prior to the performance. Despite a hefty dose of codeine, I did not find myself transported on any clouds of musical rapture. I felt cranky and constipated, instead.

Other performances of Wagner's epic music drama have similarly failed to send me soaring until, thankfully, the Met's recent triumph. I should explain

that this was the first time I had experienced August Everding's superb production of this *Tristan und Isolde*. Set against Gunther Schneider-Siemssen's extremely fluid and highly evocative scenery and projections and, with the orchestra whipped into a sensual frenzy by James Levine, this classic tale unfolded before me with unbelievable sexual tension and dramatic excitement.

Although backed by the big guns of the Met's technological prowess, it was the threesome of Levine, Behrens and Troyanos which turned this performance into a night to remember. On-stage, the women reigned triumphant, with Hildegard Behrens' mesmerizing portrait of the Irish princess the highlight of the evening. Lethely erotic, pas-

(Continued on page 27)



Drifting Toward a Sea of Love. *Isolde's* nurse, Brangaene (Tatiana Troyanos, rear), contemplates substituting a love potion for the poison *Isolde* (Hildegard Behrens) has ordered in Act I of *Tristan und Isolde*.

FILM CLIPS

Reuben, Reuben

Get Wit It

Peter DeVries' urbane, sophisticated satiric novel of the same name has been turned into a highly amusing, literate black comedy that charms us with its continuous blitz of diverting verbiage and superb ensemble acting.

Tom Conti (last seen in *Merry Christmas*, *Mr. Law-*

rence) plays Gowan McGland, a self-destructive, alcoholic, womanizing Scotch poet. His recitation of purposely pretentious poetry causes local matrons to swoon over him even though he is an unshaven mess, allowing him to bed down just about all of them.

Facile surface humor, comprised of verbal sparring, rides atop a darker comedy as DeVries prods all things American — marriage (all sham), the effect of a British accent (rap-ture), and intellectualism

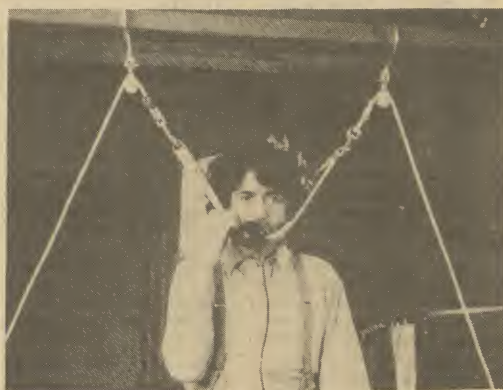
(pseudo-, and pompously pursued).

While coveting his neighbors' wives he falls in love with a neighbor's daughter, played with style and punch by newcomer Kelly McGillis.

Their on again/off again affair leads McGland, already awash in too much booze, to do away with himself. He realizes, though, that if he dies he won't be able to write about it. Nor have another drink. So he changes his mind, wherein our title character, Reuben, a dog, twists fate. Leave it to this gang to let even a dog get some humor in here. Conti is superlative, as is the rest of the cast; the direction by Robert Ellis Miller is intelligent and I can't think of one reason why you should miss this picture.

(Vogue)

M. Lasky



Disconnect, Please. Tom Conti is all hung-up over his dating problems in *Reuben, Reuben*, the witty hit which may give men So/M a few playtime hints.

Broadway Danny Rose

Quick Wit

Woody Allen, whose recent films have been slight, idiosyncratic, and hyperintellectual, now thankfully returns to the caustic humor of his earlier films. *Broadway Danny Rose* takes place in a Damon Runyonesque world of New York City standup comics, faded Italian singers, and show business dregs — parrot acts, one-legged tap dancers, and freaky vaudevillians who persist in performing even when there is no place to book them.

Good-natured schnook of an agent Danny Rose believes in these acts and he risks his life to get them work. Allen's portrayal of the title character is a composite of every well-intentioned but obnoxious New York agent, a parody complete with overly loud shirts clashing with out-of-style polyester sport coats.

A group of standup comics exchange stories about *Broadway Danny Rose* while shooting bull at the Carnegie Deli. One of these stories — supposedly the end-all — fills the screen for most

of the film's short 75 minutes. It details the audition Danny has arranged for one of his clients, a washed-out, greasy, saloon singer. Danny is enlisted to escort the singer's mistress to the audition to allay his wife's suspicions. The mistress — a brassy, blond-wigged, gum-snapping Mia Farrow in her best role since *Rosemary's Baby* — leads Woody into conflict with Mafia hitmen, out to avenge Mia's jilting of their brother.

The ensuing race is funny and not as slapstick as the situation might allow, but it gives Allen the chance to sound off on Italians, religion, the Mafia, Jews, residents of New Jersey, and New York City in a steady stream-of-consciousness ethnic joke.

Yet despite the marvelous performances by the well-cast ensemble, and the expected Woodywitticisms, there is something ever so slight about *Broadway Danny Rose*. It is funny but somehow trivial. It is also filmed in dingy black and white for reasons that don't seem quite clear.

The film ends as suddenly as it begins — it's like turning the page of a book, only to discover that the previous page was actually the last.

(Alexandria)

M. Lasky

Android

Adroit

An android, as every sci-fi fan knows (and no one else cares) is an anthropomorphic robot. The last three decades have seen them evolve from Robby in *Forbidden Planet* through the drones of *Silent Running* to R2-D2 and C-3PO in the *Star Wars* trilogy.



Erect Her Set. Kendra Kirchner (don't bother learning the name) plays Cassandra, Dr. Daniel's drag droid, in *Android*, the science-fiction sleeper that marks Aaron Lipstadt as a director to watch.

The title character of *Android* is more akin to the droids of *Blade Runner* who, like the computers in *Colossus — The Forbin Project*, committed the original sin of trying to control their own destinies.

Alone on a space station with his creator, Dr. Daniel (Klaus Kinski), Max 404 learns that he's about to be

replaced by a new model — and a female at that. At 5 years and 7 months, Max has entered a rebellious adolescence. He plays video games, listens to rock and roll, and looks at "sex instruction" tapes on the sly.

The outside world intrudes in the form of three escaped prisoners — two men and the first live woman Max has ever seen. The more macho of the men shows his insecurity when, in response to a quote from *Alice in Wonderland*, he quips, "Don't mention no queens to me!"

If *Android* sounds like it goes off in a number of directions, you haven't heard the half of it. Everything from camp humor to politics is tightly woven into the script by James Reigle and Don Oppel. The latter also plays Max who, in E.T. fashion, grows on you after a while. You may even stop wondering why a German scientist would have made a robot with a New York Jewish accent.

As for Kinski, one of his movies per decade is generally enough for me (and Fitzcarraldo will do for the 80's, thank you); but he's used sparingly enough and kept in check to the point where I didn't mind him. The less said about most of the other performers the better, except that they seem to be enjoying themselves.

Android is a stunning sleeper that will likely be best remembered as the directorial debut of Aaron Lipstadt, who makes the most of a small budget without using it as a copout. While you won't find the slickness of George Lucas' studio-backed THX-1138, neither is *Android* as crude as John Carpenter's *Dark Star* or David Lynch's *Eraserhead*. It's a fully formed, all around entertaining fantasy that stands proudly on its own and needs apologize to no one.

(Lumiere)

S. Warren

One Night Stands

Films of Gay Interest This Coming Week

by Michael Benzry

Thursday, January 26: (Strand) *Cafe Flesh*. Will fucking be the only important thing after the bomb? Shown with Gay filmmaker Curt McDowell's *Thundercrack*. Is fucking the only important thing before the bomb?

Friday, January 27: (Strand) *The Women with a slutty Joan Crawford and All About Eve with prime Bette*

Davis always attract a great Gay crowd. The dirt is dished so well that these could have been filmed on Castro Street.

Monday, January 30: (Strand) *Subway and Tough Guys*: Gay porn for limited men who think masculine sex MUST be tough, dirty, and raunchy.

Tuesday, January 31: (York) *Polyester*. John Waters presents the fruits of the American Dream, Divine and Tab Hunter. With Eating Raoul. A couple murder swinging men to finance a restaurant. Guess what's on the menu.

REVIEWS BY MICHAEL LASKY AND STEVE WARREN

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POP MUSIC

Upper Middle Clash

PETER KEANE

Oh dear. Giving the Clash a bad review is a rock heresy. It just isn't done. They are held in high esteem and inspire a fierce loyalty and reverence among their fans that puts them above reproach. Believe me, they are not. The contradictions posed by their political ideologies and their lives as successful rock stars were made glaringly apparent at their January 21 Civic Auditorium show and prevented me from enjoying them as I once had.

The Clash are first and foremost a political band, energetically, and at times dogmatically, so. The stridency of their message was masked on the early records by youthful enthusiasm, conviction, and a grinding beat that put the songs across. With the current, revamped Clash, however, shortcomings are made obvious. Their political orientation now seems a pose, and every song becomes a tract, every issue a manifesto. More often than not singer and bandleader Joe Strummer ends up haranguing the audience, and frankly, I've seen Jehovah's Witnesses who were better soapbox orators.

Granted, the band deals with

subject matter few other rock performers will touch — the slow destruction of Central America, the oppression of women, the problems of the lower classes (but, tellingly, not a squeal about homosexuals). Sound boring? It is, but not because of the subjects themselves. It's because the Clash keep everything impersonal and abstract, distanced — it's the *Workers' Vanguard* set to a 4/4 beat.

The fact remains, though, they are a successful rock band. As such, after numerous recordings, tours, adulation, and the privileges accorded rock stars, it seems a bit hypocritical for them to act as if they're fresh out of the starting gate. They're not. Although it's to their credit that they're trying to maintain a certain energy level, they seem to think that a muddy sound mix, break-dancing shenanigans, and a premeditated level of unprofessionalism will pass for sincerity and enthusiasm. It doesn't. In a recent interview, Strummer said the band refused to think of themselves as artists. Then why the neo-expressionist stage set? In that same interview he calls the Clash "just a garage

band." Honey, garage bands don't have a million-dollar lighting system and charge \$15 for admission.

★ ★ ★

But can you dance to it? Well, sometimes. This spleen-venting would be moot if the music enhanced or sustained the show and carried the lyrics. Unfortunately, it doesn't. With two new guitarists (very new, judging by their playing) and a new drummer, the enthusiasm they did manage to generate was overshadowed by an ineptitude that seemed avoidable. Slick musicianship is not what the Clash are all about; but they seemed to go too far, and too flagrantly, in the other direction. The new, unrecorded songs were okay, with the exception of "We are the Clash," an anthem of stupendously insulting proportions. But okay is not enough.

Despite this sabotage, the boys couldn't ruin such indestructible gems from the early days as "London Calling," "Clampdown," "Brand New



One of Ten Best. He's changed hairstyles, but Paul Simonon is still a butch heartthrob — even *Playgirl* magazine thinks so.

Cadillac," "Tommy Gun," "Spanish Bombs," the sarcastic "Safe European Home," and the gonad-crushing "White Riot."

Paul Simonon, butch heartthrob with a blond crewcut and lean musculature, provided the vocal and visual counterpoint to Strummer's Jolsonesque clowning. He's one of the sexiest rock stars to throttle a guitar neck; he exudes a natural masculinity that is neither trumped up nor played down. *Playgirl* even put him on their list of the "Ten Best Looking Men" last year. (Do Gay men still look at *Playgirl*? If you think these men should register with the Smithsonian Museum, Fossil Division, check out the current issue.)

If the Clash didn't generate such high expectations it would not be so disappointing to dismiss them. But they've come close to self-parody. I doubt the sincerity of their convictions and wonder how long — and how far — they'll be able to go on a reputation already beginning to fray around the edges. ■

BACK TO BATON

Frightening the Horses

PHILIP CAMPBELL

If anyone at the San Francisco Symphony ever decides to poll audience opinion regarding repertory choices, the results will prove neither surprising nor lengthy. The average subscriber makes it abundantly clear through ticket sales and audience response that the Romantics are adored, Classicists revered, Early Moderns tolerably respected, and Contemporaries capable of producing toxic shock.

Viewing the Symphony hall as a museum rather than a living treasure is a dangerous attitude, however, as any serious music lover will agree. How fortunate San Francisco is to have a Music Director like Edo de Waart who clearly recognizes the importance of continually pumping fresh blood into standard programming. It may have won him more foes than friends but it is the only realistic approach.

The results, of course, are varied. There are brilliant hits, like John Adams' *Harmonium* and moderate success d'estimes such as that same composer's *Shaker Loops*. There are also outright failures and controversies, but without them how dimly boring concert going would soon become.

For the timid I suggest staying at home with a carefully chosen record. For the open minded I can promise great discoveries.

A recent evening at Davies Hall beautifully illustrates what can happen when an audience is challenged out of their torpor rather than merely entertained.

GODZILLA BESTS BEHEMOTH

When undisputed master of the violin and giant popular star Itzhak Perlman came to town to present listeners with his glorious interpretation of Dvorak's beloved *Violin Concerto*, I doubt that he or anyone else (with the possible exception of Maestro de Waart) could have predicted his being thoroughly upstaged by a contemporary composer and his startlingly adventurous composition. Nevertheless, it is the upstart who will be best remembered from that night in spite of the guest artist's commendable performance.

Dutch composer Louis Andriessen has already been represented once before this year when the "New and Unusual Music" series presented his piece for orchestra and amplified voices, *Die Stadt*. Even the more liberal stance of that

audience could not conceal their confusion and hostility towards what they heard. Andriessen is a writer obviously dedicated to radicalism. At the time I could not wholly appreciate or applaud his product, but I must confess a certain malicious glee made me anticipate his regular Symphony debut with great relish.

I never expected the near riot that this fire brand managed to provoke when his *De Snelheid* (Velocity) was given its world premiere on the first half of the program that included Mr. Perlman! There were no fist fights such as marked the opening of Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*, but to hear the violent vocal response was more than surprising; it was a revelation. My faith in the tremendous power of music was restored.



Speedy Radical. Composer Louis Andriessen had one hit (*Velocity*) and one strike-out (*Die Stadt*) with local audiences this season — but at least they got to hear something new.

Velocity is an experimental work, designed arithmetically to challenge our conception of time and speed. That it is an unlovely piece is hardly the issue. For those who want only beauty in music, be advised; *Velocity* has all the aural prettiness of root canal work.

I have heard other composers set about the same basic concept

and emerge with more aesthetically pleasing results, but Andriessen is not looking for simple approval. I also object to the use of amplification in a symphonic context but that is my own conservatism and with the vast performing forces involved, Andriessen had to augment for the sake of audibility.

Whatever my personal reservations, they could not detract from the pleasure of seeing a regular subscription crowd divided into two disproportionate warring factions during intermission. The heated conversations should ably dispel, at least for a while, the notion that Davies Hall is a museum. Imagine hearing the audience discuss music over cocktails instead of the usual social chat!

Ironically enough, when pianist Peter Serkin appeared the following week performing two pieces by former *enfant terrible* Stravinsky the response was enthusiastic. Old Igor must be getting a good chuckle out of that one. I hope Louis Andriessen doesn't have to die or live to an uncomfortably old age in order to see his music enter the standard repertoire. I suspect, however, that like his illustrious predecessors he gets ample amusement by rocking the boat and shaking up the musical establishment. Whether I like his music or not, I must admire his personal integrity. ■

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FATAL VISION

(Continued from page 21)

cal picture of the American family, the picture is very troubled.

For the picture is riddled with lies, misperceptions, misconceptions. Colette's sister-in-law testified that "Colette was the kind of person that would always make everything seem very right. She would never expose a problem or unhappiness that would reflect on Jeff or that would reflect on their marriage." If that was the case, Colette had her hands full. The same neighbor who claimed to hear Colette threaten to kill her husband offered her impression of the MacDonald family. "He was the king of the castle," she said, "and he was — when he told her to do something, she did it willingly and obligingly, a very good wife. She was a very obedient wife." Ron Harrison, Mac-

Donald said, "the little affairs and the motel trips and stuff like that, that was nothing." At the time of the tragedy, he and Colette, "were really recommitting ourselves to each other and it was a nice feeling." It doesn't occur to Jeffrey MacDonald that once a commitment is broken, the commitment is gone.

MacDonald continued: "She never, for instance, said to me, 'Did you make love with Penny Wells?' I think we tried to be honest with each other and so we skirted that type of question." It doesn't seem to occur to Jeffrey MacDonald that skirting the truth is not exactly the same thing as being honest.

"Like most guys."

If, as Colette's high school

Mrs. Andrews, "I think," she said, "my husband was just attracted to the boy."

This is what Jeffrey MacDonald had to say about his father: "Never to his dying day did he forgive the women of this world for attempting to rule and take over, and many was the time . . . I heard him say that a domineering woman was the most dangerous creature on God's earth."

This is what a doctor had to say about Jeffrey MacDonald: "... he appears incapable of emotionally close or mutually cooperative relationships with women . . . He has only an authoritarian image of himself as the machismo type of male . . . he is either an overt or a repressed sexual invert. . . . The inanimate movement response in his Rorschach indicates latent homosexuality approaching homosexual panic; and the depreciated female contents in his projections suggest more than a possibility of homosexuality, latent or otherwise."

"Like most guys."

It is difficult to call a book of such power and intelligence and labor as *Fatal Vision* a murder mystery, but from the standard props of killings and courts McGinniss has fashioned a Jacobean tragedy of karma. Not only Jeffrey MacDonald's. McGinniss assembles and follows the fates of a varied cast of characters over a dozen years, long enough to see the consequences of their actions. One considers Helena Stoeckley, a sometimes suspect and drug addict who was finally found decomposing, her liver destroyed, in the same apartment as her dehydrated baby. Or Freddy Kassab, Colette's stepfather, whose persistence over a decade brought MacDonald to his last trial. Or the most tragic of them all, Colette's mother Mildred. We have all felt or will feel the utter despair that enveloped her after the loss of everything. McGinniss writes, "Now they were lost forever, all of them . . . and Mildred Kassab felt that she did not want to lay eyes upon or speak to another human being ever again." "Swimming in the night," she wrote in a journal fragment about the pool she built for the children that winter, "up and down, up and down, for hours, the pool filled with music, until finally exhausted enough to go to sleep." It is an image of this woman swimming in her tears, and it is very moving.

McGinniss extends the findings of the courts and crowns his investigation with an explanation of how an apparently sane man beat and stabbed his wife and daughters to death one night. The reasoning is very persuasive and plausible and much too good to give away. Though he explains why MacDonald had a psychotic episode that morning, and though MacDonald gives him all the material McGinniss needs to present a portrait of a really despicable person, McGinniss cannot explain away the confused wonder with which the reader regards the subject of his exhaustive inquiry.

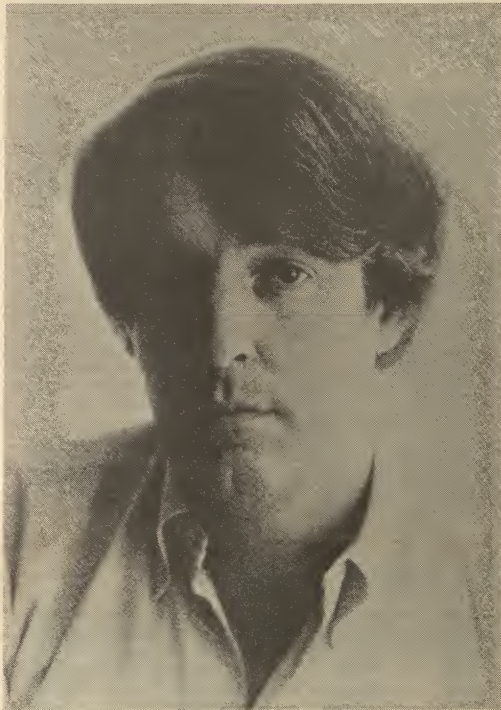
Jeffrey MacDonald never confessed. He maintained his innocence in the face of all the evidence.

The evidence kept accumulating, but it was also all circumstantial.

If you totally flipped out one night and killed the people you loved, would you want to hide the fact the next morning? Could you even if you wanted to?

Not all of the questions about Jeffrey MacDonald are answered.

R. Bluestein



All American Murder. Author Joe McGinniss deals with "the troubled American male" in *Fatal Vision*.

Donald's Army buddy, agreed, "If Jeff said something like 'Ron's out of beer' or 'Ron needs some chow,'" Harrison said, "she'd jump up and take care of it. She was really number one."

There were a lot of things troubling this good and obedient wife the month before she died, not the least of which was Jeff's plan to go with an Army wrestling team to Russia right around the time her third child was due.

She did not live to discover that the wrestling team was not going to Russia. What she knew about his infidelities she took to the grave.

According to Tina Carlucci, whom MacDonald met four weeks after his family perished, "he had mentioned that every time he went on a trip he went out with other women. His wife, he said, knew all about these adventures. She had never told him she knew but he simply 'knew' she was aware." What he meant was that he had never told her.

A woman who had known Jeff and Colette in high school told investigators: "Now, Jeff — he was a domineering type person as far as, you know, Colette and stuff. She seemed to be very devoted to him. But I knew through the grapevine that, like most guys, he wasn't so, you know, devoted back."

"The little things that I did,"

friend says, MacDonald was like most guys and infidelity was above the truth, homosexuality was beneath the surface. One of the rumors that circulated after the killings was that MacDonald and Ron Harrison were having an affair and Harrison had murdered them in a jealous passion. Asked bluntly if he had ever had any experience with men, MacDonald answered no. He had, however, driven a taxi on Fire Island for several summers. "He talked about his experiences with homosexuals on Fire Island while he was driving a taxi. He said he made extra money by fixing up homosexuals with other homosexuals. He kind of did whatever people would pay him to do." Let us suppose that you, the basic Gay reader, have just arrived on Fire Island, lugging your Louis Vuitton to your \$30,000 a season condo — the first person you're going to ask to hook you up with another "homosexual" is your friendly straight cab driver who will do anything for money, right? Wrong.

McGinniss uncovered a strange disruption in MacDonald's high school years. For four months, "with no advance word to teachers or friends, he had abruptly departed for Baytown, Texas, to live with a family named Andrews." Not even the Andrews children ever knew why MacDonald came. The only explanation was offered by

TESSI TURA

(Continued from page 24)

sionately dramatic and musically superb, Ms. Behrens never wavered in her hypnotic concentration or her ability to match the strenuous demands of Wagner's music. Tatiana Troyanos' Brangaene proved a strong and heroic foil.

If the men in the cast were overshadowed by comparison, their efforts nonetheless deserve kudos. Richard Cassilly is one of the stronger Tristans around. Despite a few weak and worrisome moments, he lasted through the opera quite well. Richard Clark's Kurwenal, Timothy Jenkins' massive Melot and Aage Haugland's staid King Marke complemented the private intensity of the two lovers.

KNOCK, KNOCK. WHO'S THERE?

The answer, undoubtedly, would be "One medium. Well done." Or, in the vernacular, a burned-out would-be psychic with her brains fried.

That Beverly Evans earned Tessa Tura's 1983 Award for the best operatic performance of the year is no wonder. The mezzo-soprano's chilling portrayal of Madame Flora in Gian-Carlo Menotti's one-act opera, *The Medium*, was enough to scare the living daylights out of anybody. And, as seen in the Kennedy Center's startlingly intimate 500-seat Terrace Theatre, the intensity of her performance probably gave everyone present (including the most jaded opera queens in the audience) a fierce case of the heebie-jeebies.

Interestingly, the Washington

Opera's production of *The Medium* was directed by the composer and featured his adopted son, Francis Menotti, in the role of Toby, the mute. An adroit actor, the younger Menotti added a horrific pathos to the evening as he struggled to communicate his love for Monica as well as his basic honesty and innocence to his best friend's drunk and deranged mother.


Nadia Pelle's Monica was sympathetically sung; a finely etched characterization. Lorenzo Muti's conducting built a sinister sense of spook-house surrealism. Zack Brown's sets and costumes, with their seedy theatricality, helped transform this performance into operatic Grand Guignol at its most macabre. And, with a full moon casting its eerie light over the frigid waters of the Potomac, it's no wonder the performance was so frighteningly intense.

The Washington Opera should pat itself on the back for producing one of the finest evenings of opera theatre this critic has seen in many a moon. Bravo, bravissimo!

G. Heymont

Gamey Social

The Fraternal Order of Gays offers game filled evenings as an alternative social scene. On Saturday, January 28 at 8 PM members (\$3.50) and guests (\$4.50) will enjoy refreshments and prizes while playing Monopoly. The group also plays Bridge frequently. Interested gamblers can phone 566-6227.



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GENE MILLER

Febe's Champs Again

Febe's has become the first bar to capture the West Coast Challenge crown twice, and they had to come from behind in every match to do it. The event, staged at Swedish-American Hall, took place on the weekend of January 13-15.

Can you win one game against three losses in a championship match and still be a hero? I was called upon to answer that question in the final match. Against the Bunkhouse of Los Angeles we had taken the lead for the first time in the match thanks to Rick Mariani's win over Bob Holden. The score was 8-7; we needed only one more win to tie it and take the title undefeated. (The double elimination format forced LA to beat us twice.) LA's Dale Barber had to beat me to tie it up and hope his team could survive the seven-game overtime to force the final match.

hallmark of West Coast Challenge competition. This was the same team that crushed the Stallion Stampede 9-3 last January in San Diego, winning WCC VI undefeated. They hung out at Febe's with us all weekend; Sunday night was memorable.

Results: Match #1 - Febe's 9, LA 7; Match #2 - Febe's 9, SD 6; Match #3 - LA 9, SD 5; Match #4 - Febe's 9, LA 7.

LA TAKES INDIVIDUAL CROWN

In individual competition, the top four players from each city



The Comeback Kids. Febe's 8-Ball team recovered from deficits of 6-2, 2-0, and 5-0 in defeating Los Angeles and San Diego for the West Coast Challenge VIII title. Top row, L to R: Gene Miller, sponsor Don Geist, Bill Kazee, Ray Peterson. Front: Peter Fleury, Rick Mariani with Bob Dog. (Photo: Lauren Ward)

THE COMEBACK KIDS

Our ability to recover from a bad start had become our trademark during the weekend. Down 6-2 Friday against LA, we won seven of the next eight games for a 9-7 victory; down 2-0 against San Diego's Ring, we won 9-6; and here we were again, one game up after being down 5-0.

I broke the balls, sinking two — a solid and . . . alas, the cue. After losing three games, it wasn't the sort of opening I planned. Dale Barber surprised us, though, scratching on his first shot . . . which turned out to be his last shot. The table was very nicely set excepting the five ball, which required a little sneak behind a cluster of stripes for a rail-first cut to the corner. I played into position for it with a four-ball run; with the cue sitting right where I wanted it, we were three shots from victory. We took a time-out and Ray Peterson came over with a little encouragement and advice. I'll never forget those final strokes; the cue ball rolled exactly into position for me after the five, then the one ball, then straight-in for the 8 at the other end of the table. Hearing the entire gallery roar as that ball came into position was the sweetest music I've ever heard in my 26 years in the game. Although it wasn't a full table run, it certainly had the effect. My teammates all tossed dollars at me (a team custom), and then ten more dollars wafted down from the balcony as I was swarmed. Heaven!

The Bunkhouse players were fine sports, which has become a

competed in a double elimination tournament. Among SF entrants, Colin Bradley fared best, finishing fourth. A former champ at the Challenge and the reigning Gay Games 9-Ball champ, it's Colin's fourth WCC trophy. In first place was Dan O'Neill, LA's #1 player this season and a league player for years. He was impeccably on-target, never lost a match, and finished off SD's Bill Conger with a table run for the title. In 3rd was LA's Jim Taube.

The event would have been virtually impossible without the \$1,000 donation of Golden Brands (local distributors of Miller, Lowerbrau, Aurelia, and a variety of other refreshments) and the beautiful pool tables donated by Automatic Merchandising of Berkeley.

Febe's Post-Season Averages

Peter Fleury	22/9	.709
Ray Peterson	13/13	.580
Gene Miller	12/9	.571
Rick Mariani	14/11	.560
Bill Kazee	10/9	.526
TEAM TOTAL	76/51	.598

PRESIDENT AND VP ELECTED

Two of the league's hardest working, dedicated members were elected to office January 14. Dennis Hall, the league's senior team captain, very active on committees, is the new president. He ran against incumbent Lea Benson and Colin Bradley. Mike Macri, team captain for two years and Party committee head, won VP over Soni Sowder and Sam Bridgers.

DEADLINE: Opening night is February 7. If you wish to play this season, call J-O-E P-O-O-L (563-7665).

TGWEDNESDAYNBL

JERRY R. DE YOUNG

A Bowling Paradox

The oddest thing happened recently: John Hammett, president of the great IGBO and a member of the Cafe San Marcos team, competed in the First Annual Stockton Valley Gay Bowling Tournament, held in that city on January 7. That is not particularly surprising, nor is the fact that the team on which he bowled, All The President's Men, tied for First Place with a Pilsner team. However, the paradox begins to appear when one considers that even after his triumph in Stockton, John still has not realized his most coveted goal, membership in the prestigious TGWNBL 200+ club. Oh, how John's eyes light up when a bowler walks past with the pink-triangle-bowling-ball combination pinned to his lapel. Why, he's even frequently seen flagrantly loitering in the vicinity of groups of 200+ club members (coincidental?). Anyway, one would think that if one could win a multi-city bowling tournament in far away Stockton, then it should be relatively easy for one to merit membership in a local 200+ club, wouldn't one?

In any case, here are the magnificent high-rolling 200+ ers for 1/18/84:

R. Bremner (PWIL)	233
R. Mallin (Pilsnr Pot-Lickers)	232
R. Squires (Pilsnr IV)	214
F. Medeiros (Cafe Sn Marcos)	213
T. Timms (Stallion Stampede)	213
L. Gundel (Pilsnr IV)	212
B. Bates (Days of Our Lanes)	210
R. McKay (Stallion Stampede)	209
D. Thomas (Pndlm Swingers)	208
C. Jarrett (Gay Sports Mag)	208
B. Rolison (Pilsnr II)	206
S. Christian (Jpntwn Bowl)	203
K. Sexton (Pilsnr Pot-Lickers)	203
D. Bruen (Pilsnr Pot-Lickers)	203
J. Rogowski (Park Bowl)	202, 202
G. Cassinelli (PWIL)	201

The above list includes one new 600+ club member (R. Bremner, 618 series) and five new 200+ club members. Congratulations Ralph, Ron, Tyrone, Bob, Charley, and Dick. It's bowlers like yourselves who are making a living legend of the TGWNBL within the Gay Bowling Leagues of our nation.

There is another category which bears watching as the Wednesdays fly past: the 10,000 total pin contest. One certificate is awarded each season, and, barring any surprises, it will be presented to one of the following bowlers:

Total Pins - 1/11/84	
R. Peterson (Jpntwn Bowl)	7,293
K. Ray (Pilsnr Pot-Lickers)	7,287
R. Mallin (Pilsnr Pot-Lickers)	7,079
R. McKay (Stallion Stmpd)	7,025
Team Standings - 1/11/84	
1. Sweet Inspirations	42 18
2. Japantown Bowl	40 20
3. Play With It, Ltd.	40 20
4. Pilsnr Pot-Lickers	37 23
5. David Kelsey's	
Unmentionables	37 23
6. Stallion Stampede	37 23
7. Pilsnr I	36 24
8. Pilsnr	
Pointless Sisters	36 24
9. Pendulum Swingers	34 26
10. Park Bowk	32½ 27½
11. Pilsnr IV	32 28
12. Gay Sports Mag	30 30
13. Cafe San Marcos	28 32
14. Bearback Riders	26 34
15. Animals	25½ 34½
16. Scenic Highway Tours	25 35
17. Fire Mountain Ldg	23 37
18. Grady's	23 37
19. SF Eagle	22 38
20. Days of Our Lanes	21 39
21. Pilsnr II	19 41
22. Hair Today Gone Tomorrow	18 42

What is the Pilsner anyhow, a bowling team factory? No matter, the entire league is certainly very grateful for Pat Conlon's (a Pilsner proprietor) dedication to the spirit of Gay bowling in our wondrous city.

★ ★ ★

Let me remind all interested bowlers that the next Inter-league meeting will be held on the second floor at Park Bowl on January 29 at 3 PM. Some big decisions will be made at this one; therefore, your attendance and input are strongly encouraged.

EDITORIAL DIATRIBE AGAINST IRRESPONSIBILITY

Walking home from breakfast in a Castro Street restaurant, I saw a familiar face coming toward me. It was a pleasure to run into this friend because he had been a spirited member of our bowling league for many years, although he had stopped this Winter Season.

After chatting a few minutes, I inquired why he no longer bowled with the league. Through a handsome smile, evidently intended to mask his disenchantment, he replied that far too often his team had taken to the lanes undermanned. It became clear that some of his team members had made a practice of showing up only when no other activity attracted their attention.

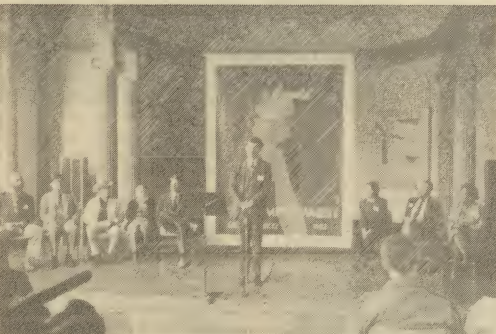
This shameful attitude, regretfully, has caused many dedicated bowlers, such as my friend, to become so discouraged that they reached the point of leaving their leagues in disgust.

It appears that some bowlers feel that they have no responsibility to either their league or their teammates. This attitude is totally unfounded, for each bowler is, in fact, responsible to the league, his team, and to every individual member of that team for fulfilling the obligations he agreed to when becoming a member. If a person cannot afford the bowling fees; has too many other responsibilities to set aside one night a week to join his team on the lanes; or has a chronic illness that will not permit him to be dependable, then that person should not become a member of a team that has a schedule.

The pathetic aspect of this situation is that the team members who do want to apply themselves while enjoying the evening's contests are repeatedly frustrated by the irresponsible attitudes of the individuals who choose not to show up, thereby weakening the team and lessening its chances of winning.

There are legitimate reasons for missing an evening, like sickness, unexpected circumstances, accidents, exhaustion, etc., and while these unfortunate conditions do occur, they seldom occur in a pattern. In other words, if you frequently practice procrastination in regard to meeting your responsibilities to your team, more than likely the only person you are fooling is yourself.

Gay Games '86 Debuts



Board Members of the 1986 Gay Games announced their plans for games at a press conference dramatically played against a giant Gay Games poster. (Photo: Rink)

The 1986 Gay Games broke out of the starting gate last week with a press conference in the Pride Center auditorium. Plans were laid out for press and supporters. Triumph in '86 has been chosen as the slogan of the games, which will be held once again in San Francisco.

A 28-member board was introduced, which this time around includes non-Gays and city politicians. Reportedly there will be three paid positions: executive director, office manager, and professional fundraiser. As in 1982, Dr. Tom Waddell is the Executive Director.

The Gay Games also announced that it is going into the publication business. It presented its first issue of *Triumph*, which will be a quarterly magazine. A year's subscription is \$22 and Tom Waddell is listed as editor. The magazine will solicit advertising as well as look for underwriters "in the form of individuals, clubs or organizations." If one becomes a sponsor, one can dedicate a particular issue of the publication to someone or some group. The

first issue was dedicated to Miami's Jack Campbell.

The '86 Games executive also awarded plaques to two former board members, Bob Ross and Charlotte Coleman. Of the 15 original '82 board members, six have joined the '86 board. They include Tom Waddell, Zohn Artman, Sara Lewinstein, Paul Mart, Chris Puccinelli, and Harriman Thatcher.

Sports Clubs

S.F. Hiking Club. General Club Meeting, Wednesday, February 1, 7:30 PM at the Eureka Valley Recreation Center (18th and Collingwood). A film on mountaineering will be shown promptly at 7:30 PM, followed by refreshments. Information on the month's activities will be available and carpooling arranged.

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MY KNIGHTS IN LEATHER

Jocks Don't Have To Be Straight

KARL STEWART

In high school I went out for football for exactly one season, and only at my father's insistence. "It'll make a man out of you," he harped. The only thing I liked about it was watching the jocks in the showers, sweaty and gritty after the games. After bitching at me my entire childhood to join the team, my father never attended a single game. Football was something he and my uncles watched each weekend on television while us kids swam in the pool.

I've had a strange change of mind of late, however. With the Raiders and 49ers' successes in the last three years, football has recaptured my imagination. Even though we didn't reach the Super Bowl, at least the Raiders did. I still think of them as part of the family, even if they did desert us for smog-laden LA.

I decided I'd go out and visit some of the old Gay sports bars and investigate others who have cashed in on Super Bowl fever. The Village has been given a new lighter feeling with the arrival of new owner Dick (and his first lady Lee), Hank, and the ever lovely Bill Martin, who also manages. Emperor Rich Carle has also made it one of his palaces. So, with a combo like that, the party was on Sunday. The Imperial Baby, Gordon (also a Village bartender) prepared some rich Texas-style chili, served with hot dogs; it hit the spot. The crowd was into the game — when the Raiders intercepted and scored a TD, the bar exploded into cheers.

One of the oldest sporting bars is the Pendulum, where I found Emperor Bobby Pace holding

court (and serving drinks; they were free during half-time). The big screen TV has been the scene of many a rowdy Saturday afternoon. When Washington got their one and only TD, I thought the gang would riot, but Bobby was nonplussed. "It's been festive in here all year," he said. I asked if he thought this was a new enthusiasm. He replied, "The Gay community has been excited about sports for the 26 years I've been here." A



Full House Beats Royal Flush. In poker it usually works the other way around. But the SFGDI's 10th Anniversary Bash last Saturday had both — and came up a winner. (Photo: Rink)

handsome customer, Michael, chimed in, "I think it's because the 49ers have begun to do so well that a lot of people have started to pay attention. It's been in the last five years."

Teddy added, "You don't have to be straight to be a jock."

Grady, one of the great old supporters of the sports leagues,

replied, "San Francisco has always been a sports-minded town, especially if an athlete's shoulders are three feet wide. I think the Gay community's interest has tripled in recent years." Emperor Rich commented, "There are a multitude of private parties, which we don't see, too." Being one of the founders of the GSL, he knows Gay interest in sports very well.

Rich also mentioned that Charlotte and Peggy, owners of the Twin Peaks, are such big fans that they went to Tampa to see the game.

The Men's Room was wild. The MC members and Castro Crazies were swinging from the chandeliers. Miss Piggy was the head cheerleader, too. Wanda June and Rocky served shit-on-a-shingle and Matt Brown was still wrapped in a white boa and leather from the night before.



Question 4
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Expanding (Expending?) the Definition of Butch. The festive, widely-renowned Larisse (L) demonstrates that Leather can be a drag. Among other touches, the brim on his motorcycle cap is gold. He had a gay time at the GDI Tenth Anniversary Party with John. (Photo: Rink)

TEN YEARS OF SIPPING AND CHATTING

Seldom in our graying So/M warehouse district do we find ourselves attending an elegant, dignified reception. Last Saturday evening, however, the cream of MC and So/M society found themselves doing just that. The SFGDI MC celebrated ten years of service, camp, and fun at California Club. We arrived at cocktail hour to find a room of old friends, sipping and chatting. The front room of this aged clubhouse looks as if

(Continued on next page)

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Incognito. Empress Remy attended the GDI Tenth Anniversary as a man — but his flamboyance was a tipoff. Emperor Rich (r.) seems to be practicing for a Karl Stewart look-alike contest. (Photo: Rink)

(Continued from previous page)

it were furnished in 1927 and carefully preserved. In the corner sits a grand piano which Kent and Bette (of the Men's Room) serenely played all evening. The energy was quite high in those two smaller front rooms. The leather was oiled and boots gleamed. At 8 PM the doors to the main dining room opened to reveal a noble cold buffet by Cow Hollow Caterers. The stage was adorned with the trophies and mementos of ten years. In a short ceremony, the GDI's changed officers. Stage Empressario Jonni Valle took the helm as president; Trixie Trash became his VP (and also took Jonni's hand of state in a tap dancing wedding conducted by twinkle toes himself, Tommy James) and the SFGDI's first lady as well.

Dinner was served; turkey,

smoked cured ham, tender roast beef complemented by gaspacho aspic, tossed green salad with bay shrimp and fresh sourdough rolls. The SFGDI's were the perfect hosts in their black and gold uniforms. Founder Jim Strickland glowed. CMC strongman David Sarathain later summarized, "This party will be the yardstick by which all other parties of its kind will be measured."

In other MC news, the Cheaters installed Rocky Rockwell as prez this year. He'll have his hands full just keeping Wanda June in line. The ICF also has Mr. Sarathain cracking the presidential whip as of February 1. His first officer, the rec/sec, will be Henry Novak. In his first So/M post, Gene Dennis will be cor/sec and be in charge of publicity for this year's fundraiser follies, Casualty Capers. Since the Inter-Club Fund is a bank for charitable needs of the motorcycle community, it needs a banker, like George Duncan.

The Barbary Coasters MC will meet this evening, Thursday 26, at Febe's at 8:30 PM. This is an open meeting. If you're curious about So/M fraternal organizations, stop by.

The CMC has announced its next open meeting at Chez Mollet, Thursday, February 9, 8:30 PM. New officers will be nominated at this meeting.

We hear that a certain black stallion has broken the other leg on his bike. We can't lose this one. He's the only motorcycle owner in the SFGDI's.

Speaking of MC crack-ups and the like — it's Bill Woods who has kindly donated his home on Sunday for an AIDS money tree brunch in honor of Russ Sullivan of the Warlocks. Cocktails and food served Sunday, 1/29, 12-4 PM, at 575 Frederick Street, off Stanyan. Or call Bill at 681-6392. Your generous donations will be appreciated even if you cannot attend.

KNIGHT-EMS

Larice has gained notoriety for her famous beauty hints, and now the "Larice Special" has 18th Street buzzing. It's a peppermint schnapps with a float of Kahlua.

Our noble Grand Duke Ken and his Clown of State, Sable, invite you to the theater. Theatre Rhino will play a special performance of *Crystal Blaze* on Tuesday, January 31, to raise funds for the ICF and

Ward 5B. Cocktails and clowning around at 7 PM... the play begins at 8:30 PM. ■

LAST MINUTE FLASH

Jim Cvitanich's *Men Behind Bars* was a monumental success. At tech rehearsal, by definition bedlam, I asked Jim Cvitanich, "Why put yourself through this madness?" He responded immediately, "Because I love theater. I chose bartenders because I'm a New Yorker who is a frustrated actor-singer-model-waiter and I suspect there were others of us out there in the same position. The response has been incredible." The end result — nearly one hundred bartenders on stage — made clear their talents.

Ralph Odom, Jim's stage manager and an old troupier, said, "I've never worked with this segment of the community before. I've always been on the other side of the bar. They are a very excited group." He added, "Shanti is such a good cause to be benefiting from the show."

The elite of Gay society seem-

that she was just one of the gang, both in presence and energy.

I award an unofficial "best of show choreography" award to Henry, Ray, Ed, and Richard of the *Nothing Special* for a nearly professional Swan Lake (at least it was near to the correct movements).

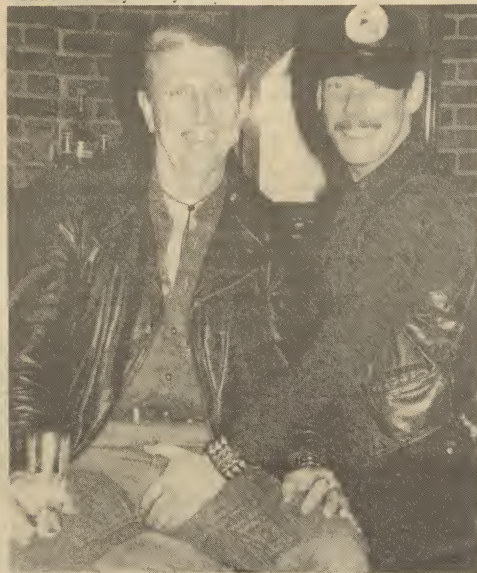
Linda Symonds and the Eagles laid 'em out with a Bette Midler trip. Ron was so convincing onstage that he upstaged Bette!

In the finale, Val Diamond leading 14 of the city's prettiest musclemen in calisthenics had more than one basket bulging, I assure you.

Nothing like *Men Behind Bars* has been done before. It showed the amazing amount of talent that this city has hidden. I hope Jim, Ralph, Carl, Mark Abramson, Guy, and a cast of thousands will make this an annual event. Bravo!

K. Stewart

A fuller report and more pictures of *Men Behind Bars* will appear in Tom Rogers' "Rivets" next week.



This Week's Generic Crotch Shot. Once again we force highbrow readers into the gutter. Karl Stewart (r.) poses with his DQL shortly after delivering his keynote address, "Get A Grip on Your Mate," before the Wives of Wayward Spouses Association. (Photo: R. Pruzan)

Karl's Calendar

Thursday, 1/26: John Bix. Abstract Works from NYC. The Ambush.

Friday, 1/27: BC MC Open Meeting. Febe's, 8:30pm; review of nominees in musical categories (video taped) for BC Awards.

Grand Opening. The New Castro Station, 8pm; drink specials.

Henry Weinhard Beer Tasting Party. The Stables, 7-9pm; drawing and prizes.

Monday, 1/30: Eats at the SF Eagle. Dinner served 6:30-7, \$3.

Tuesday, 1/31: The Steven Studly Show Resumes. The Arena, 9pm (What becomes a legend?).

A Theater Party. Benefit for Ward 5B and the ICF. Theatre Rhino; 7pm; cocktails; 8:30pm, *Crystal Blaze*; hosts: Grand D Ken and Sable.

Wednesday, 2/1: Dynner Before Dynasty. Chaps; Food by Eats, 6-9pm, \$3, entree: Lasagne; TV at 9pm.

Dynasty Night. Febe's, 9pm; hot dogs by Myra.

Abused, Dead, All-Inclusive

The North American Man/Boy Love Association is having a film festival, screening three films and three videos in continuous rotation on January 28 and 29. The films are *Abuse*, *Death in Venice*, and

Something for Everyone. The videos are *The Deputy*, *You Are Not Alone* and *Robby*. Screenings, from noon to 10 PM each day, will be at the Pride Center, 890 Hayes (at Fillmore), and the admission price is \$3 per film. Tickets are on sale at the door. Call the Pride Center for times. NAMBLA meets at the Pride Center the last Saturday of each month at 11 AM. ■

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PORN CORNER

Getting What We Want: A Winner

RON BLUESTEIN

Every Friday the porn theaters change their features, and every Friday, as regular as a lemming, Ronnetttt's search for a porn movie to love recommences. No matter that this brave critic and holistic slut has given up all rational hope that pornographers have any motive higher than the buck (\$). Hope is not rational and neither is Ronnetttt. Friday after Friday I place all my shaky faith in titles like *The Greatest Little Cathouse* in Las Vegas (starring Rhonda Jo Petty, Debbie Truelove, and Killer Miller for those of you remembering today's porn stars for future reckoning), *Dirty Movie Makers* (at the sophisticated Gaiety), and Hal Call's *Only-the-Lonely* group over at the Circle J trying to wring one more four dollar orgasm out of a 1980 Falcon Videopac preview. Oh God.

Word has reached me privately that the Cinema Theater might close its doors this week. Since they unofficially stopped offering the audience a product several months ago, it's kind of hard to mourn their passing. Perhaps the only way to change pornography is to change pornographers. For a while the Cinema was showing some of the best porno San Francisco

has ever seen — some remarkable films from Beata Uhse of Germany and even a very lively Italian movie — but then the emphasis moved to live shows, which are cheaper, to porn from the '70's, which is even cheaper, to barely discernible video, which is cheapest. Their last "first-run" offering, *Intimate Relations Part II*, a no-budget "talk show" starring Kaye

Parker and everyone you've seen before, had one merit: it was not shown with Part I. Down the street the Mitchell Brothers Bijou Theater is showing yet again *The Joy of Letting Go*, which would be a joy to let go of; and around the corner the Adult Art I and II is pushing poor Linda Lovelace into her sixteenth year of deep throating Harry Reems, which is enough. I did see a little number there called *Caught from Behind*, with enough jacking off in it to satisfy some Gay viewers (you can even find Jim King in a hot foursome), but generally the stuff at the Adult Art is so sleepy that you can hear snores from the audience all around and the shufflings of the cast at the Golden Gate up above.

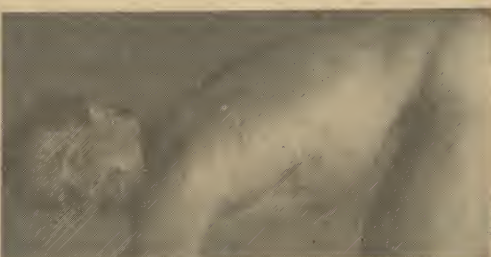
Innocent as a lamb, I was fleeced of another five bucks at the Centre, where I unhappily discovered that *The Devil and Miss Jones Part II* boasted Jack Wrangler in the title role (he was the devil, smart aleck). Mr. Wrangler proves that he can (over)act in both facets of the porn industry. The plot is worse than Wrangler's acting. The first Miss Jones was distinguished by a performance from Georgina Spelvin which seemed so desperate it shook the porno world; eleven years later Miss Jones II offers a Spelvin so desperate she will milk the porno world.



Recruit Fantasies. A physical exam for army recruits goes far beyond "turn your head to the left and cough" in A Few Good Men.

Ronnetttt doesn't need much: a chicken in the icebox, marijuana for my nerves, and an orgasm every Friday. Another porn critic whose name I cannot mention but whose initials are K. told me that bad pornography always causes headaches. Words cannot relay the trials of a pornophile in San Francisco: the theaters that are so cold you learn to wear gloves or where the only comfortable seats in the house are arbitrarily marked off by the management (the Pussy-cat). Imagine the indignity of being 5'2" and going to a place called the Mini-Adult! In the dark, in the cold, surrounded by mini-adults and other jetsam, straining wasted buttocks on un-pillowed seats and beating a chaffed cock that is already 35% less sensitive than it was the year of my majority to a 1975 John Holmes loop, I should be happy I got even a headache.

I dined on Aspergum and the famous Oriental delicacy, 110 Fart Lentil Soup. Thus dorsally propelled I went to Savages, where the final ten minutes of the British film *Work Out* miraculously mitigated my migraine. The star of this beautifully photographed film, the beautifully photogenic Morgan Winner is exactly what his nom de porn promises. Imagine the Belvedere torso. Now imagine the Belvedere torso masturbating. Approach closer and notice that the vast smooth planes of marmoreal back and arms and chest are actually rippling with muscles carefully molded and distilled.



Doesn't Take Much to Win Ronnetttt Over. Just potatoes, three wads, a little ripple, and a star who'll bend over forwards to please: Boyd Winner in Work Out.

Those last ten minutes of Mr. Winner had me back at Savages the next day to see all of *Work Out*. I wasn't the only one braving Savages before noon for Winner. "There's only one other guy in the audience and he's here to see *Work Out*, too," the cashier told me, cutting Al Parker off before he could complete his 900th video orgasm. I tried to sit near the other patron to compare, uh, notes, but he wanted to be alone for his date with Winner.

No wonder — Winner's a work out and *Work Out* is a winner. It's as well-crafted as Bijou, as serious as *Drive*, and has all the hard-ons of *Heatstroke*. If there is a plot it was too tenuous for this reporter to find. Winner wanders through a place identified as a gym (I didn't see a Nautilus or a weight anywhere) encountering scenes that encourage him to pull down his shorts and pull out his uninhibited musclemans-dick. For those of you to whom Winner offers more than enough potatoes and not nearly enough meat, the producers provide the gentleman who modeled for Colt under the name of Toby and who also probably modeled for the original Big Dick. The only thing small about the cast is their number (Foreskin Finder Alert: there's not a single clip-cock in this British product) and watching them with Winner is wonderful. But about 45 minutes into the film I started wishing for a Winner solo jerk and, presto, the director obliged with a scene of Winner watching Winner movies which culminates in a grand slam tour de force of editing and performing

the fireplace fucking and adolescent superstars of recent years and puts fantasy back into pornography. The theme is military, the vignettes are slices of erotic time breaking into the quotidian, and the result is a surreal sex film the likes of which hasn't been seen since *Hand in Hand* Productions made *American Cream*. With foggers working overtime Scott creates a dream-like atmosphere where big uncut dick hangs like fruit through a hole in the mattress, interrupting a soldier's letter-writing; where ten punitive push-ups become ten punitive inches (my congratulations to the actors in this sequence for the only dialogue in Gay films that has ever turned me on); where the erotic world impinges on the real world at every turn. Mr. Scott gets my nomination for halo and wings for the segment about the army physical with five draftees and a doctor. It is almost as good as my own screenplay on this subject, *Nurse Ronnetttt's Sperm Bank*.

Speaking of awards, Savages gets the Sharpest Video Screen Award, the only nominee in San Francisco.

I hope these two new videos are indicative of what's to come. Why have S.F. pornophiles seen *Magnum/Griffin* and *Brentwood* 'til we're blue nowhere but the face? Where are the tapes from Old Mr. Reliable? Where are the Colt tapes with Sam Dekker? Why hasn't anyone had the wit to order *Lodestar*, that fabulous film which has also had the name *California Supermen*? I'd even pay four dollars to see the *All Nude Mr.*



Deep Seated Inspection. This nude "Doctor" is going to check his inductees for more than hemorrhoids or hernia during a physical fantasy in A Few Good Men.

as we watch Winner waft three separate wads from his wazoo to your heart. There were half a dozen people in the theater by now and from their moaning I could tell that their hearts were similarly affected. *Work Out* was directed by Alan Pumell for Him Films.

Steve Scott is either reading my reviews or my mind. His new release for Surge Studio, *A Few Good Men*, which Savages graciously screened next, abandons

Southern California Contest that was advertised a while back in *The Advocate*. If video is here to stay, the least San Francisco audiences want is the best of it! ■

ED. NOTE: Ronnetttt's cries have been answered, and he's now in possession of *The All Nude Mr. Southern California Contest* video. If Ronnetttt's hysteria dies down or the sedative takes effect, we'll be able to publish a complete report on *Straight Boys Take to the Runway*.

Porn Goes Legit

The Strand Theatre continues screening all-male erotic films with a double feature on Monday, January 30. Subway receives its local premiere; it

stars Keith "I'll suck myself off" Anthony and Jeff Stone. Co-feature is *Tough Guys*, Eric Ryan's guided tour of New York's seamy sex scenes, with Roy Garrett and Bob Shane in a steamy scene. 552-5990 for schedule. ■

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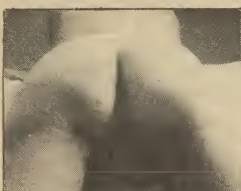
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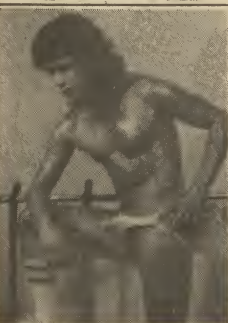
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